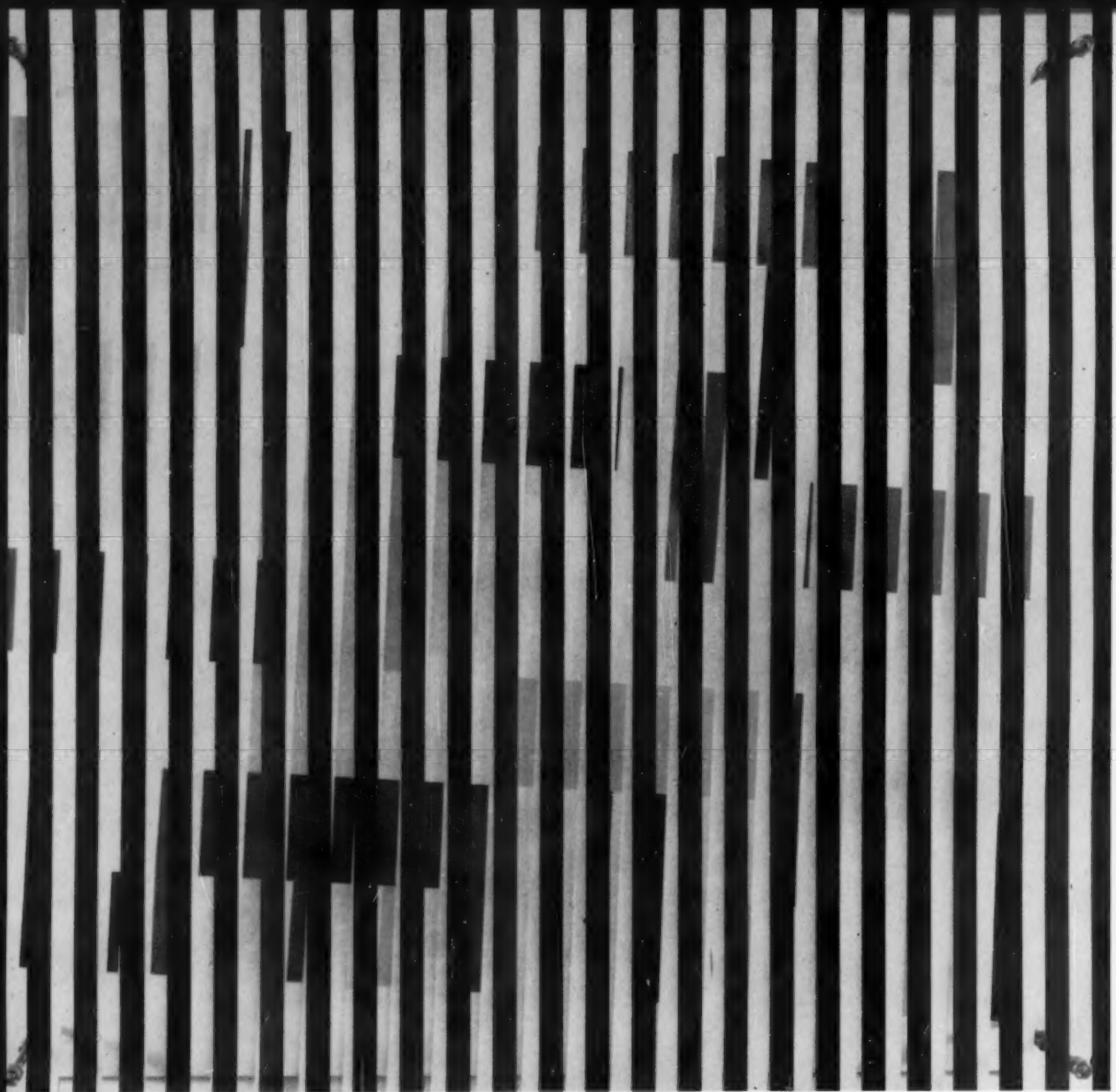


Américas

MARCH 1959





Colorrhythm in Motion No. 2. Duco on wood and plexiglass, 1957, by Alejandro Otero of Venezuela

Américas

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 José A. Mora, Secretary General
 William Sanders, Assistant Secretary General

Editor

Kathleen Walker

Associate Editors

George C. Compton, Adolfo Solórzano Díaz, Wilson Velloso, Betty Wilson

Assistant Editors

Elizabeth B. Kilmer, Hilton Danilo Meskus, Raúl Nass

Cover

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MEMO FROM THE EDITORS

In putting together this anniversary issue, we thought it would be appropriate to call on old friends, some of whom have been regular contributors for most of the ten years of our existence.

Appropriately enough, as we start into our second decade, Alceu Amoroso Lima's article on page 2 marks a "first" for AMÉRICAS—the first of a series of literary and philosophical essays. Dr. Lima is an eminent Catholic philosopher, who also writes under the pseudonym Tristão de Athayde. During the two years he was Director of the PAU Department of Cultural Affairs, we often asked him for advice, assistance, and contributions. He returned to his native Brazil early in 1953, and is now—for the 1958-59 session—Visiting Professor of Brazilian Studies at New York University.

Some five years ago, when we decided to incorporate another novelty into the magazine—fiction—it was the best-selling novelist Érico Veríssimo, a distinguished compatriot of Dr. Lima's and his successor at the PAU, who contributed our first short story, "The House of the Melancholy Angel." It appeared in the February 1954 issue. Though he has also written several non-fiction articles for AMÉRICAS, we naturally thought of him as just the man to help us celebrate our tenth anniversary with another of his delightful stories. But he surprised us and sent autobiographical anecdotes instead (see page 27).

Fernando Alegria, the noted Chilean literary essayist and critic, turned sports writer (on page 12) to cover the World Championship soccer play-off, which took place in Stockholm last summer. At the time, he was on sabbatical leave from the University of California in Berkeley and taking advantage of the opportunity to see the world. When we first approached Dr. Alegria—for a book review that was published in AMÉRICAS exactly six years ago to the month—he was unfamiliar with our tri-lingual operation. Consequently, his contribution was written in English, so flawless that many heads around the office were bowed in shame.

Always one of our staunchest supporters, Charles G. Fenwick has been Director of the PAU Department of Legal Affairs since a year before AMÉRICAS came into being. He made his first contribution, to the Book Section, in November 1949, and rounds out an almost even ten years with the penetrating query "How High Is the Sky?" on page 18.

Among our newer, though no less appreciated, friends is the prize-winning Argentine poet and novelist Ulyses Petit de Murat, who wrote a charming reminiscence of his native city (June 1955) when he was living in exile in Mexico. Since his return to Buenos Aires, he has been kept quite busy as a journalist and script writer, but he took time out to sketch for us an animated profile of Jorge Luis Borges, his life-long friend and colleague (see page 6).

To these and many others we owe our modest success over the past ten years, and we hope to have them all still with us when we reach twenty.

a Catholic looks at

WHERE DOES MANKIND GO FROM HERE? —I

ALCEU AMOROSO LIMA

What do you consider the biggest obstacle to the fulfillment of man's destiny?

Destiny is purpose. Whether it be the destiny of a pen or the destiny of a man. The destiny of a pen is to write; of a man, to live. A pen fulfills its destiny completely when it writes to perfection; a man, when he lives to perfection. The purpose of anything—that is, its destiny—is to carry out its nature. The difference between a man and a pen lies in the nature of each. A pen is an instrument. That is, by nature it does not possess autonomy. It fulfills its destiny only when handled by another entity. The nature of man, on the contrary, is autonomous. That is, he himself fulfills his own destiny, or in other words is *responsible* for it. And the destiny of each man is to fulfill, in the best possible way, the destiny of humanity—that is, of human nature.

It follows that autonomy does not represent an end in itself. A man does not live merely by himself or for himself. He is a separate being, undoubtedly. And therefore his own destiny is his own responsibility. But the nature of his destiny and responsibility is precisely to burst the bounds of his own individuality. From this comes his *personality*. An *individual* entity can exist in isolation, having its entire purpose within itself: this pen, this brush. A *personal* entity transcends his status as an individual. Each man is more than "this man." He is the human species. The fruit of the Creator of the human

species. Consequently, humanity is not merely the sum of human beings in time or space. It is an affirmation of the transcendency of life, it is a characteristic of the human being that lifts him above time and space and therefore makes him *subject to eternal values*, which represent his responsibility. Not merely a responsibility toward other men or toward an institution—the state or party—but a responsibility toward God, who is the only absolute value, the pre-eminent Being, creator of all beings.

The destiny of man, therefore, is to fulfill his humanity, to live his life to the utmost. Whatever hinders him in carrying out this fundamental destiny of his is an obstacle to the achievement of his natural promise.

The first of these obstacles comes from *himself*. It consists in the negation or the diminution of his purpose. Whenever a man sets a limit to his destiny that is short of the utmost, he is *ipso facto* detracting from his humanity.

The second obstacle comes from *other men*—from *society*, that is, society that has not realized the social ideals. Man is a social, even a group, being. He cannot fulfill his destiny in isolation. He must *live with others* to *live fully*. But coexistence is not always the same as living together. It can be a support, an incentive, a help in the fulfillment of personality and therefore of destiny—or it can be dissociation, even opposition, and therefore an obstacle. In order for the destiny of each man to be fulfilled, human nature demands that men understand one another, fraternize, cooperate. Thus whatever contributes toward separating men—from individual quarrels to world wars or revolutions—is contrary to the destiny of each of them.

Finally, in seeking to attain his aspirations, man collides with *physical nature*. Illness or death, unfavorable qualities of the ground he lives on or the air he breathes or the food he eats or the walls with which he protects himself from the weather, the weather itself—these things can be obstacles endangering the fulfillment of his promise.

Man, each man and society in general, must maintain a constant vigil against this triple ring of obstacles, and the personal destiny of each of us is always the product of a triple victory.

AMÉRICAS has put this same series of questions to several other outstanding Hemisphere writers of varying backgrounds and persuasions, and their replies will appear in future issues.

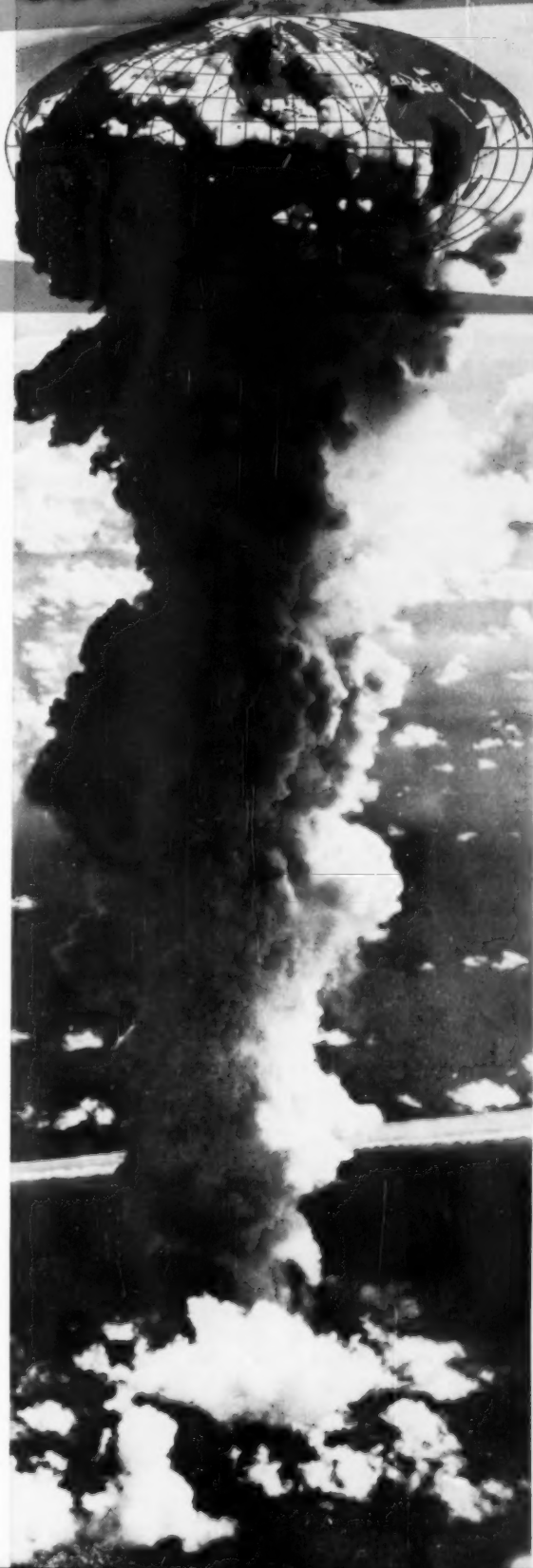
our world

What do you consider man's most important achievement to date?

This question was answered twenty-five centuries ago by Socrates, who considered that man's primordial need was "Know thyself." And the dictum of natural philosophy was completed and supernaturalized by Jesus Christ, who said: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself for the love of God." Truth and love are complementary; together, synthesized, they make up beauty.

All the great achievements humanity has made throughout history—whether in science, in technology, in legislation, in philosophy, in the arts—only have a final meaning when they are in the service of human destiny. And the quality of human nature that distinguishes it essentially from inferior natures—though man also has the characteristics of these, because he sums up the entire universe—is freedom. Man is the only *free* being in the universe. As such, he is the only *responsible* one. As such, the only *immortal* one. This freedom, this responsibility (or will), this immortality are not realized in the body, which perishes like that of the other beings. They are realized in the spirit and by the spirit. All civilization, therefore, is an affirmation of the spirit, a victory of the spirit over matter.

And therefore the spirit is the most important thing in the world. This spirit is not disincarnate. It is not dematerialized. It exists in union with matter. It exists under the threat of matter, which disputes its autonomy: not consciously, for matter has no consciousness, but by its very weight. So that the human spirit is always at war with a part of itself. This part is what links man to his inferiors—the animals, the vegetables, the minerals. All these go to make up man. But man is not limited to any of them. He transcends them all. He is a compound, not merely an aggregate. His *personality* is asserted through the spiritual element, which accomplishes the *essential unity* of his constituent elements. This is not brought about without struggle or contradictions. So that the victory of the spirit is man's greatest achievement on earth. This victory is won in a thousand ways. The invention of the first hoe by primitive man,



the launching of a new planet to revolve around the sun—these represent the same victory of human intelligence over the world of inanimate things. They are an affirmation of the spirit, an inherent demonstration of the superiority and independence of the spirit. Of the primacy of the spirit.

Now, to the extent that man detaches himself from all that is inferior in his own spirit and that belongs to the mineral, vegetable, or animal part of his nature, he is asserting his own superiority. He is therefore realizing the major fact of his own history. Let us, then, consider sanctity the supreme expression of human nature. And even if it be a grace and not a conquest, the extent to which the human spirit opens itself to grace is precisely the extent to which it increases in spirituality and therefore in sanctity.

Thus, everything that man has done over the centuries to demonstrate the domination of the spirit demonstrates his most important achievement: the affirmation of the autonomy of his spiritual life. And since the greatest autonomy is in giving the spirit its independence, over and above any *application* of its activity, it is not in the active life that humanity finds its fulfillment, but in the contemplative life. It does not negate but explains the active life. Far from diminishing the victories man has been winning throughout history over the adverse forces of nature, society, or himself, it is the only means of measuring their exact value. Each act has its own value and moreover reflects the supreme value: that very autonomy of the spirit that is the major factor in human dignity and that establishes the intrinsic superiority of man, and of his humanity, above all other creatures.

What do you consider the most significant aspect of modern civilization?

The struggle for universality. Universality is the end to be achieved; struggle, the means, inevitable in view of aggravated isolationisms, regionalisms, nationalisms. From all we know of the history of man on earth, what we see is a constant tension between the tendency toward isolation and the tendency toward expansion, both perfectly natural to humanity. This breathing process, now in, now out, is the great rhythm of the world. In our age, we find the two movements intensified, clashing in the most conspicuous fashion, though in the nature of things they are *complementary*, not *contradictory*.

Man plumbs the bottom of his subconscious mind by means of the latest analytic psychology; and for the first time he breaks the barriers of sound, of matter, of space, ushering in the atomic era in 1945 and the space era in 1957.

On the social plane, we have a confrontation between nationalisms of the most extreme kind and the patient construction of a community of nations, which despite all obstacles is upholding the invincible human tendency toward unity of the species.

We are witnesses to the renaissance of old civilizations that had seemed dead, such as the Chinese and the

Hindu, and at the birth of new nations in America and above all in Africa, which instantaneously enter the United Nations on a plane of equality: Guinea, founded in 1958, alongside France with its more than two thousand years. Such meetings—between old civilizations and new ones that are emerging into the world from a marginal life or whose peoples for the first time are acquiring national consciousness—are unique in history. And the fact that they can find common ground, under the aegis of the spirit of *universality*, which is intrinsic in human nature and of which Christianity is historically the supernatural expression, is the primary phenomenon of the modern world.

Will the encounter take place peacefully or violently? Will modern man manage to overcome the egocentric or separatist instincts passed down to him from original sin and from the great sins of history? Will terror of the consequences of a rupture, inspired by the weapons that human intelligence has invented, be sufficient to prevent a collision between nationalisms or exaggerated totalitarianisms and democracies that are weary or excessively attached to their illusions or their well-being?

All this is in the realm of speculation.

The most we can do is to observe events, to recognize that history does not retrogress, to try and organize the two tendencies in such a way that universality will be a social end and nationality an adequate means. Finally, we must not forget that the last word always belongs to the mystery of Divine Providence, whose veil no material or intellectual act of man can ever draw aside. And whose negation by the conceit of man's Promethean pride, especially modern man deluded by the marvels of his industrial civilization, is the greatest affirmation. For the machine is a creation of the spirit. The spirit is not the creation of the machine.

What do you consider man's greatest hope for the future?

Twentieth-century man oscillates between absolute optimism and absolute pessimism. Between these extremes is the amorphous mass of the indifferent, who try to enjoy life or to conform to it, without thinking of the future or profiting by the experience of the past. Never have people lived so much in the present as in our day: either to extol it or to deride it or to have as good a time out of it as they can.

Now, experience, good sense, and divine revelation teach us that life is a continuing creation. That is, a continuing struggle against the forces of corruption, destruction, and death. But that at the same time these forces never prevail against the contrary forces of affirmation, renovation, and hope.

Therefore, any philosophy of life based on systematic optimism is false. All progress is precarious. The wars and revolutions of the twentieth century have brought back, time and again, barbaric customs we had imagined abolished once and for all: the cruelties of nazism, com-

munism, or the contemporary dictators, and even of those who combat these evils but use the same weapons as the only means of destroying the adversary rather than being destroyed at his hands. So that the fallacy of the new barbarians, who believe in paradise on earth, is contradicted by the lesson of history. We must declare to the utopians that no political regime, no scientific or moral progress, will ever succeed in wresting all evil from the heart of man. So that good must forever be a continuous conquest over evil. Vigilance, as has been said, must be eternal—man's vigilance against himself, against others, and against the institutions he has created.

But there is equal falsity in the negative view of the modern "involutionists" who, reacting against the theory of progress formulated in the eighteenth century and systematized during the next two, preach total pessimism. It is beyond argument that all over the world, first in one place, then in another, man has made incredible progress in the struggle against evil. He *can* better his own lot and that of others right here on earth. Suffice it to indicate the suppression of slavery and the continuing struggle against new barbarian forms of it, including totalitarian neo-slavery in the lands of progressivist communism. Suffice it to mention the difference in the death rates between the 1914-18 war and the 1939-45 war—including the slaughter of Hiroshima, which by its very occurrence marked the end of the war in the Far East. In fields so wide apart as technology and theology—from the discovery of antibiotics to the development of new forms of Christian apostolate, demonstrating the constant presence of sanctity in places and times apparently most devastated by cynicism and moral corruption—we can point to man's victory over ignorance and apathetic stagnation. Nothing is more fallacious than accepting evil with folded arms on the pretext that life is unconquerable. It is *precarious*, true enough. Everything is subject to the action of evil, corruption, and death. But in the struggle against them and in the certainty that they can be diminished, though not eliminated from human nature, resides man's greatness. And therefore his greatest hope for the future.

And the very existence of the two extremes—optimist and pessimist—is the greatest proof that indifference and dilettantism represent merely the *inevitable* dead weight of human mediocrity.

The future will not be opposite to the past; it will be different. This difference is the source of man's great threefold adventure on earth: the attainment of truth, freedom, and justice.

These are the three roads for arriving at the supreme Good, our destiny in God, and at all the successive goods along the road to it. Thus they are our great hope against the false philosophies.

The struggle for truth is the route of education, science, and culture. Every effort to improve our nature by instructing the coming generations, on the basis of the law of human perfectibility, is a good in itself, besides being a step toward the supreme Good. Knowledge has an intrinsic value. There is no right to ignorance.

But what would become of truth if it did not seek to attain that which is in the essence of human nature: responsibility? What would become of responsibility if we denied the existence and the *guarantees* of freedom? To be free and to spread freedom is therefore a second genuine and indispensable way of realizing that hope in the future which is part of human nature. Truth and hope give us perfect freedom. "The truth shall make you free," said Jesus Christ.

And as there is no truth without freedom, so there is no freedom without justice. To give to each one what belongs to him teaches us justice. To put each thing in its place teaches us truth. To respect the autonomy of each value teaches us freedom.

This is "the way, the truth, and the life" incarnated by Christ at the center of human history. And for this very reason the hope of man in the future lies in corresponding to the promises of Christ. Christianity has only begun its historic march toward the realization of the Kingdom of God. Two thousand years of history have been merely prologue. These two thousand years have already seen the birth and the death of various civilizations: the fall of the Roman Empire and the appearance of the barbarian hordes; the fall of the barbarians and the rise of feudalism; the fall of feudalism and the establishment of absolute monarchies; the decline of these and the rise of the bourgeoisie; and, nowadays, the decline of capitalistic and bourgeois civilization and the appearance of various forms of socialist, reactionary, or revolutionary civilization. In the Western Hemisphere, the pre-Columbian empires crumbled and one or several forms of *American* civilization took shape, impregnated with Christianity but also with empiricism, positivism, and technocracy. In Asia, old pre-Christian civilizations revived. In Africa, a Moslem civilization came to power, decayed, and began to rise again, while in the depths of the jungles the descendants of Ham began to assert their own type of civilization. The twenty or thirty known "civilizations" enumerated by the philosophers of history appear, glitter, and disappear, sometimes returning to glitter again, in an unrhythmical progression that demonstrates well the precariousness of human affairs. And all during this time the seeds sown by Christ at one moment of history and that He himself combined in a single Mystical Body—his Church—have given each century and each continent, each way of life, each race, a little of the leaven of his mystery.

Each man's—and each civilization's and, within the civilizations, each nationality's—greatest hope for the future lies in leavening our nature with this mystery. All the material progress made by humanity, which the present age is raising to levels never before attained, can have real value only if they are animated by corresponding spiritual progress.

The *spiritualization* of the *material progress* of humanity—this is the route to follow in order for man's hope to be realized. Hope, together with faith and charity—the eternal constellation of life in its natural and supernatural plenitude. "But the greatest of these is charity." ♦

BORGES

as I know him

THE WRITER WHO SPEAKS

ULYSES PETIT DE MURAT

IT WAS August 24, 1899. In a house in the Palermo district of Buenos Aires a son was born to Jorge Borges, a jurist, and his wife Leonor. This was their first child—Jorge Luis.

In those days many of the streets were still unpaved, and carts were dragged along slowly by superb Norman horses. When the evening sky hovered over the square houses, most of them one-storied, the first tangos, romantically modulated by hand organs, rose on the air. Flowery compliments blossomed on the street corners. During the nights it was not uncommon for disputes over love or politics to be settled with keen-edged knives. There was no such thing as secret, compulsory balloting (President Roque Saenz Peña, a Conservative, put that into effect later and, incidentally, gave the opposition Radical Party its first great victory, with Hipólito Yrigoyen). The people voted by voice, standing before an electoral table that was usually set up in the atrium of a church. The party in power kept a corps of henchmen who, if the election was going badly, were quite capable of making off with a ballot box or of using strong-arm tactics on voters who had not been persuaded by the bountiful gifts of the committee. The *caudillo*, surrounded by cohorts who were always ready for action, dominated the political scene. As a result, Palermo, more than any other district, had a long tradition of fighting and courage. Like the rest of Buenos Aires, it was still the Gran Aldea (Big Village) described in the novels of

Vicente Fidel López (1815-1903): the morning criers; the little horse-drawn carts bearing daily supplies of bread and milk; the peanut vendors and their small locomotive-like contraptions; the men who tempted children with bright-red wafer-filled cylinders that had a crude sort of roulette wheel on top (the number of cookies—usually not more than eight—was determined by a spin of the wheel); and, finally, the streets that ran from the tranquil suburbs directly onto the broad, impressive pampa, where the whole sweep of the horizon soon came into view.

Jorge Luis Borges began life in this environment, for which he has always felt nostalgic, all the more so as each component has come to be an exception—rather than the rule—left over from an irretrievable past. Neither his trip to Europe; nor his studies in Geneva, where the First World War took him by surprise; nor his later visit to Spain, where he attached himself to the literary movement called *ultraísmo* (which maintained that the essential element of poetry was the metaphor)—nothing erased those images from his mind. They were reborn in his first book of verse, *Fervor de Buenos Aires* (1923); in the second, *Luna de Enfrente* (Moon Across the Way, 1925); in another, *Cuaderno San Martín* (1929), whose title was taken from the trade name of the notebooks Argentine schoolchildren used; and in *Evaristo Carriego*, a critical biography of the poet from Entre Ríos Province whose songs were of Palermo. The same memories are



FOR BUENOS AIRES

panoramic view of Buenos Aires, the pampa city with the river at its front door



the basis for various essays, such as "Las Tres Vidas de la Milonga [The Three Lives of the *Milonga*]," about the evolution of the tango from its original quick, happy beat to the plaintive slowness imparted to it by the Italian immigrant; "El Truco," a penetrating study of the *criollo* game played with Spanish cards that is still a favorite with Argentines; "Leyenda de los Carros," about the picturesque inscriptions painted on those small, horse-drawn vehicles that brought supplies to the Palermo housewives; and many others, all of them noting the endurance of things *criollo* in a Buenos Aires that was bound to be changed drastically by the oncoming flood of immigrants.

Actually, it is extraordinary that all of this really got through to Borges. True, he lived in a traditional Buenos Aires home, but it was one into which his British paternal grandmother had introduced the exotic touch of the English, German, and Scandinavian literatures. These—along with the celebrated seventeenth-century Spanish writer Francisco de Quevedo y Villegas and the Argentine philosopher, novelist, and poet Macedonio Fernández—were to be decisive influences on his otherwise personal style, particularly noticeable in *El Aleph*, *El Jardín de los Senderos Que Se Bifurcan* (The Garden of the Forking Paths), *Ficciones*. He transmitted his passion for whatever was *criollo* to his sister Norah, a painter, and it showed clearly in the work of both when they returned from their early sojourn in Europe and again took up life in Buenos Aires.

1915 photograph
of Borges' mother,
with whom he lives



About 1927 the family lived at Avenida Quintana 222, near Callao, in a fashionable residential neighborhood not far from the center of town where the French architectural style predominated. The older Borges had retired from the bench and, like his entire family, was spending his time reading voraciously. I was twenty, and extremely envious of the piles of Spanish, French, English, and German books that were almost spilling out of that charming home with its romantic fountain in front (it has long since been replaced by a cold, impersonal apartment building). I never could understand how either Dr. Borges (also an author, of a single book, I think, a novel called *El Caudillo*) or Jorge Luis could read so much. Both were beset by recurring cataracts, the father until his death and the son to this day, that had to be removed from time to time. But do not think for a minute that either of them was ever noticeably disheartened by this defective vision. Quite the contrary. They both had a propensity for humor and for using a pointed joke to make life less humdrum or painful.

I made friends with Jorge Luis Borges and his family—a relationship that still exists—after the demise of his two literary ventures *Prisma* and *Proa*. The first was an experimental magazine meant to be posted on walls, which, in Borges' own words, "not even the walls themselves read." The other was a luxury magazine in book form. On this, Borges collaborated with the essayist and novelist Pablo Rojas Paz, who had come to Buenos Aires at an early age from the northern Province of Tucumán, and with Ricardo Güiraldes, the famous author of *Don Segundo Sombra*, who divided his life between Paris, Buenos Aires, and the quiet of his ranch in Buenos Aires Province. Borges was five years younger than Rojas Paz and fourteen younger than Güiraldes. But all of us, age differences notwithstanding, were ultimately to join forces in the literary movement that fathered the magazine *Martín Fierro*. The guiding spirits of this undertaking were Oliverio Girondo, who wrote *Veinte Poemas para*

Ser Leídos en el Tranvía (Twenty Poems To Be Read on the Streetcar), and, as publisher, the poet Evar Méndez, who at heart did not go along with the new trends we advocated.

Martín Fierro was a fighting magazine, exceedingly insolent. Guillermo de Torre, the Spanish essayist who later married Norah Borges, dared to state that the meridian of Spanish American culture passed through Madrid, thus stirring up quite a furor. In fact, his future brother-in-law was one of the most vehement decriers. At the time Borges was even promoting a sort of Argentine language. An outgrowth of this effort was the title essay of his book *El Idioma de los Argentinos*. In his early works, such as *Luna de Enfrente* or *Inquisiciones* (a book of essays on predominately literary themes), he would leave off the final *d* on words like *verdad* and *soledad* (because of the way they are commonly pronounced), making them *soledá* and *verdá*. He was highly amused by the efforts of Xul Solar, a painter member of the group, who was bent on creating "neocriollo," an elliptical language. For example, instead of saying "Y antes de ir te voy a telefonar [And before leaving I'll telephone you]," Xul Solar would simply say "Te pre-telefo [I'll prephone you]"—and proposed that everyone do likewise. In this, as in everything else, however, Borges kept to his lifelong, inflexible code: despite his position of influence, he has always refused to assume the role of teacher. He does not accept disciples.

Cabildo, or town hall, of old days. Not many colonial buildings still stand in Argentine capital



Another Borges characteristic is his periodic revision of each and every one of his critical judgments. So it goes without saying that he soon put the final *d* back on words, just where the Spanish Royal Academy insists it should be. The same thing happened in connection with poetic rhyme and meter. He argued bitterly with Leopoldo Lugones, an outstanding Argentine poet who was zealously orthodox when it came to traditional rhetoric. Lugones died, by his own hand, in 1938, and only recently I came across—in the literary review *Sur*—some sonnets by Borges that were classical in every respect.

None of us who collaborated on the magazine *Martín Fierro* underestimated Benito Lynch, Horacio Quiroga, Fernández Moreno, Enrique Banchs, and other members of the preceding literary generation. But, using the title of José Hernández's immortal poem as a shield, we wanted to do battle, just as the gaucho hero had. The enemies were different, of course: academicism; rhetoric; attacks on creative effort; the disdain of the *nouveau riche* for strivings of the spirit like the new literature, music, and art and their rejection of any value that was not strictly utilitarian or, even if second or third class, European.

At times the rebellion seemed more like delinquency than anything else. Art salons were invaded; gatherings of older and more moderate types at the magazine *Nosotros* were interrupted; "Wet Paint" signs were hung on the works of Quinquela Martín. And the barbs—sometimes much too sharp—that *Martín Fierro* tossed at the exalted men of letters! Actually, in this unique game nothing was sacred.

Strangely enough, it never occurred to us that some day we ourselves would achieve status in the field of literature and that our works would be widely read. That was one reason why Ricardo Güiraldes' death in Paris in 1927 took us so much by surprise. Undoubtedly, it was doubly shocking because young people so rarely think of death. Though Borges had written about death in many superb poems—such as "El General Quiroga Val al Muere en Coche [General Quiroga Rides to His Death]," "La Chacarita," and "La Recoleta" (the last two being the names of Buenos Aires cemeteries)—it was, I believe, more as a metaphysical concept. That death should choose one of us, even though an older one, was unexpected, a sort of strange and mysterious revelation of man's ephemeral nature, as Aeschylus put it, or of his being but a temporary host of time. But the thing about Güiraldes' death that made the most profound impression on us was the magnificence of his funeral. Though he had read to us—with many misgivings—the superb first chapters of *Don Segundo Sombra*, though he was our close friend, he was no longer one of us. He belonged to his country, which was soberly carrying his remains to the provincial cemetery of San Antonio de Areca. In the procession were all the intellectuals of Argentina, followed by a throng of gauchos, those horsemen of the pampa and open sky whom Güiraldes had immortalized in the half-real, half-legendary Don Segundo. He was leaving us. And we were leaving him, as the child had left the great gaucho,



Modern downtown Buenos Aires, which has outgrown picturesqueness that has influenced Borges' works

with the feeling that some of our own blood was going with him.

Though Borges was proud of what Güiraldes stood for and glad that he had received just recognition, I think it was then that he lost his taste for worldly pomp and ritual. He does not derive his greatest satisfaction from having his works translated, for example, or from having books or essays written about him. He always shies away from publicity or excessive admiration. Only when he is creating is he really happy, and this feeling is short-lived since he has constant doubts about his work. Although Borges is one of the few Argentine literary figures to be known both at home and abroad by a multitude of readers and fervent imitators and admirers, he avoids doing anything that might encourage this state of affairs.

Borges writes slowly and painstakingly. He works and reworks each sentence again and again, and never tires of searching for an adjective or a phrase that will lift his work above the ordinary. Since he has read so much, it seems to him that everything has already been said and that it is extremely difficult to at least find his own new way of saying it. He spends only the early-afternoon hours at his writing. Much of the time, because of his poor vision, he has to dictate to his mother, who is still a beautiful, vivacious woman. Borges has never married. The bond of unity between mother and son is touching—they share the same tastes, and the same tendency to put



Spacious parks that were once manorial estates . . .

everything on an intellectual plane. In their apartment on Calle Maipú, little has changed since earlier days. There is still a mountain of books, which have always seemed to me the Borges family trade-mark. Conversations are still punctuated with elements of surprise and humor, which are especially apparent when Borges argues, as he loves to do. Once, on my family's estate in Ramos Mejía, because I was accepting his every word (more because I was not feeling well than because I was convinced), he grabbed me by the lapels and said: "Who do you think you are, not to argue with me? Argue, argue!"

It was around then that we used to take long walks at night. I recall one evening when we ventured far into some Godforsaken area. García Lorca's horizon of dogs was pressing close, like a circle of enraged teeth. Jorge Luis was not the least disturbed as he happily strode along, expounding some metaphysical theme. I was so frightened that I understood nothing. From some subconscious depth, a thought came to my mind, something that was totally unrelated to our conversation: "Jorge, is it true that dogs don't bite naked people?"

He paused briefly, then replied: "Don't worry yourself about that. That's the dogs' business."

I could not help laughing, but nevertheless I insisted that we return to "civilization"—which was not entirely to his liking. He has always preferred to skirt the edges. At a time when most of the city streets were being paved, he took a proprietary interest in a certain dirt road, near Chacarita, the district that bordered on the largest ceme-

tery in Buenos Aires. He showed it to everyone, as if he owned it. He liked the small houses, perched on steep paths, and the creek that ran close by. We frequented the neighborhood cafés that were the meeting places for cart drivers, *cuarteadores* (horsemen who made their living by pulling vehicles out of the mud—and who, incidentally, still operate on some Argentine byways), workingmen who would stay up all night talking, toasting friends, and listening to the music of a sad guitar. Borges still remembers, and admires, a couplet we learned from one of those men. It ends like this: "*La muerte es vida vivida, la vida es muerte que viene* [Death is life that has been lived, life is coming death]." Their inventiveness has always fascinated him. Some of his best stories, like "Un Muerto [A Dead Man]" and "El Hombre de la Esquina Rosada [The Man on the Rose-colored Corner]," grew from his wanderings through the outskirts and were nurtured by his extensive reading. The same can be said of his entertaining book *Historia Universal de la Infamia*, which was first published as a serial in the literary supplement (which we edited for years) of the afternoon daily *Crítica*.

Borges was always searching for traces of a Buenos Aires that was gradually disappearing. I recall how Paul Morand was fretting, how he asked all of us, including Borges, to help him get to know "*le vrai tango*," and soon. He longed for an obvious picturesqueness, similar to what we find in places like Rio de Janeiro or Taxco.

. . . and tree-lined boulevards are reminiscent of Paris





Horse-drawn milk cart is one of few remnants left from Buenos Aires of Borges' boyhood

He was annoyed that Buenos Aires was almost completely European in appearance. It did not help when Borges and I brought along some *payadores*, those *criollos* who can improvise verses on any subject and sing them to a guitar accompaniment. What he wanted, with almost violent intensity, was "*le vrai tango*." He refused to accept the true tango—simple, austere, and introverted—of the Buenos Aires salons and cabarets. As a matter of fact, this tango is not much to Borges' liking either; he prefers the happy, provocative air of old ones like *El Choclo*, *El Entrerriano*, and *Don Juan*. He even likes W. C. Handy's *St. Louis Blues* better than a modern tango, though he may be unaware that the composer admittedly was inspired by the tango, which was then enjoying world-wide popularity.

Despite all this, Borges actually was never confined by his love for his home town and things *criollo*. It has undoubtedly influenced his life, to such an extent that, since he came back from Europe, he has gone nowhere except on short trips to Uruguay, the land of many of his ancestors. I think the farthest he ever ventured was to the Uruguay-Brazil border, when he was visiting the Uruguayan novelist Enrique Amorim in Salto. But in his literary life there have always been other factors, even in his early works, like *Inquisiciones* and *El Tamaño de Mi Esperanza* (The Size of My Hope), a book of essays published in 1926. He studied the rhythms of Nordic poetry, and, as a result, wrote *Las Kennigar*. He has

taken a profound interest in Dante; Thomas de Quincey; the detective story (he has created a *criollo* detective who, from a prison cell, solves the most complex cases); the moving picture (one of his stories, "*Días de Odio* [Days of Hatred]," has been filmed); the bounds of poetry; the baffling subject of time, about which he wrote *Historia de la Eternidad*; metaphysics; linguistics; tall, beautiful women (with the emphasis on tall); friendship, which he cultivates almost every evening of his life; the disquieting realm of fantasy, the source of outstanding books of stories like *El Aleph*; human freedom and decency, which he has always defended, as a writer and as a man; and, finally, books.

When Borges received the medal of the Argentine Society of Writers—a top literary award—he remarked at the banquet that he had sometimes thought he had done many things, but that actually he had lived, from the time he was a small boy, in the shadow of a library. True, but this has not been the kind of shadow that hides or brings on drowsiness; to the contrary, this shadow has been an inspiration. Borges is a humanist, but one who does not suffer from pedantic solemnity or crusading fervor. Not long ago, former President Aramburu named him director of the National Library, where he is devoting himself to everything that has to do with the ceaseless wonders of the mind.

It seems to me that Jorge Luis Borges will go on forever. That is why, when I was in New York during the dreadful winter of 1957 and read his death notice in a French literary publication, I did not believe it. Later, in Mexico, I received a card from him: "The news of my death, as usually happens in these cases, was not apocryphal, merely premature and prophetic." I remembered Borges as he had been in the days of our youth, in Belgrano, my part of Buenos Aires. One night we met up with a very ordinary poet, who always spoke in an affected manner and on conspicuously "cultural" subjects. He asked us: "Have you seen Stephan Erzia's show? You know, the Hungarian sculptor. He is remarkable. He looks like an Etruscan."

Borges nudged me with his elbow. As his hand gripped the cane he always had with him (to use during his nocturnal excursions, for though his sight was very bad he always refused to let anyone guide him), he asked me: "Have you ever seen a life-sized Etruscan?" Then, with that, he dashed off at top speed. I, in turn, explained to the poet, as I set out after my friend: "Borges is that way. He always gets it into his head to run at this hour."

Reading his card, I recalled how he and I—before the years of separation and the deaths of so many of our mutual friends—ran like fools for three blocks, then burst into laughter on a corner shaded by ancient green ivy and heavily scented with jasmine. It was a night blessed with friendship, a night now lost in some faded corner of time. I felt I was right in thinking that he would go on forever. The best of his tremendous, almost fanatic dedication to writing will always be with us in the books, overflowing with life and passion, that bear his name: Jorge Luis Borges. ♣



IN STOCKHOLM

FERNANDO ALEGRIA

THE BRAZILIAN TEAM that went to Sweden in 1958 to compete for the Jules Rimet Cup in the Sixth World Soccer Championship took along—in addition to a coach, a trainer, a masseur, a doctor, and a dentist—a psychologist. Needless to say, this startled the Swedish press and fascinated the European fans. Were the Brazilian players crazy? Or did they take literally the business of *mens sana in corpore sano*? Poppycock. They had a very good reason for this touch of refinement and sophistication.

They had no fear of losing the championship because they were not in shape or were ignorant of the latest and best soccer tactics. Indeed, they were quite confident on those counts. What did horrify them was the thought of losing because of nervousness. On two occasions—against Uruguay in the final game in 1950 and against Hungary in the quarter-finals in 1954—they had been defeated in the war of nerves that is a world-championship play-off. When the going got rough against the Hungarians, the Brazilians childishly engaged their opponents in a free-for-all. As for the contest against Uruguay, the Brazilian fans were so sure of victory that the team went on the field knowing full well that a loss would bring down the fury and condemnation of the whole country. They “fell apart” and were beaten. The story is that, at the final whistle, there was a wave of suicides in the stadium, with spectators swan-diving from the highest tiers. Pure fic-

tion, of course, but the experience did in fact leave an indelible mark. Brazil would not lose another championship for any ridiculous psychological reason.

The recent contest was the broadest in scope since the World Cup was first disputed in Montevideo in 1930. The elimination play-offs began in 1956. During twenty-one months and before a total turnout of more than five million people, fifty-four countries battled stubbornly for the right to go to the finals in Stockholm. Brazil ran up against stiff competition: in the first game of the Group One play-off in South America they squeezed by Peru with a score of one to nothing, and in the second, against the same team, they could do no better than a one-to-one tie.

So, to be on the safe side, they entered the finals with a psychologist in attendance. And in Stockholm he wrought miracles. (Or was it the coach?) What he told them, what methods he used, what treatment he gave the players—before and after the games and, especially, between halves—is still top secret. Whatever he did, the results were magnificent. The Brazilians defeated Austria three to nothing in their first match; the game with England ended in a scoreless tie; they won over Russia two to nothing. Though the scores were not high, it was significant that no European team could make a point against them.

King Gustav of Sweden congratulates World Championship soccer team in Stockholm stadium





Forwards Didi and Pelé and goalkeeper Gilmar, stunned at victory over Sweden in finals

What sort of nightmares does a soccer player have? What sort of complexes? Perhaps he dreams that, in pursuit of a ball, he flies out into timeless space and falls toward nets made of constellations. Psychoanalysts would interpret a dream of this sort as indicative of an erotic complex. The psychologist went to work at once. The Brazilian training camp became a fortress that successfully withstood the siege of blond amazons, who were soon discouraged by such strong opposition. A Spanish American team was less hostile to their advances and day after day—rather, night after night—they literally scaled the forbidden balconies. That team suffered some very revealing defeats on the soccer field. The Brazilians went to Stockholm to win, and they were not going to be robbed of the victory by skirts. So intent were they upon winning that they were hardly ever seen on the streets. When they were, they created quite a stir: those huge, smiling, playful, darkly handsome youths, so ingenuous and jubilant that the Europeans enjoyed them as much as they would have a sip from the Fountain of Youth.

I recall, by the way, that nothing attracted so much attention in Stockholm—among experienced and worldly-wise spectators—as the Brazilians' marvelous naturalness and their almost resplendent euphoria as they executed complicated and awe-inspiring maneuvers. "They play like children," the newsmen remarked. While the fearsome Germans, the title defenders, kicked for all they were worth; while the Russians fought for possession of the ball as if it held the secret of how to reach the moon; while the hard luck of the English brought tears to our

eyes; while the Mexicans ran around the field like intrepid *vaqueros*; while the Argentines lumbered about as slowly as prehistoric monsters—during all this, the eleven Brazilians, agile, graceful, strong, handsome, played as happily as the barefoot boys do every Sunday on Copacabana Beach. Effortlessly—whether from afar, from close up, from the side, from the rear, in the air, at top speed, with their feet, with their heads, with their chests—the Brazilians enthusiastically shot holes in the opposition. They attacked by threes or by fives, moved with dizzying speed, put the enemy defense off guard with their acrobatics, and joyously kicked goals that sent echoes bouncing off the cement walls of Solna, the Stockholm stadium.

Generally, the Brazilians played the halfbacks behind their usual positions, to make a defensive line of five fullbacks; and the offensive line-up was *W*-shaped, with the wings and the center out in front and both of the insiders in a strategic position to defend the "no man's land" in center field. They darted about so nimbly that they could, from one minute to the next, have five men on the attack and five impassable fullbacks.

It would be unfair to single out players on a team that was so evenly matched in skill and dexterity, but the spectators still had their favorites: Waldir Pereira (Didi), for his excellent grasp of over-all strategy; Nilton Santos, for his vigorous defense; Hideraldo Luiz Belini, the team captain, for his domination of center field; Manoel dos Santos (Garrincha), for his expert dribbling; Edvaldo Izidio Neto (Vavá), for his thundering sorties into enemy territory; seventeen-year-old Edson Arantes do Nascimento (Pelé), for his sensationally powerful goal kicks and his incomparable cunning and adroitness; and Gilmar dos Santos Neves, the goalkeeper, for invariably being in the right place at the right time. Others, just as capable and clever were Djalma dos Santos, José Ely Miranda (Zito), Orlando Peçanha de Carvalho, and Mário Jorge Lobo Zagalo, who played in the final game against Sweden; Nilton De Sordi, Zózimo Alves Calazans, and the brilliant center forward José João Altafini (Mazola), who played against France in the semifinals.

Even with this formidable array of talent, the final game was no runaway for the Brazilians. After having downed Wales and France in the semifinals, they had to battle Sweden for the title. Stockholm was burning with a secret desire for psychological weapons and uncommon circumstances that would help the home team. The presence of veteran players on the Swedish team and the spectators' frenzied enthusiasm had the excitable Brazilians on edge. Besides, they were counting on a dry field so that their fast-moving forwards would be at their best. The Stockholm fans knew that if it rained before—or, better still, during—the game the soggy ground would be extremely effective in halting the enemy attack. I do not know how friendly the Swedes are with St. Isidore—the one who brings downpours—but someone who was on very good terms with him prayed convincingly for rain on the Sunday of the game. Those of us who were hoping to witness a Latin American triumph in the stadium that afternoon felt a deep foreboding. What

could the psychologist do about a muddy field? The Brazilians needed a witch doctor more than they did a psychologist. They surely could not play on all fours. The Swedes would fall down too, but not so often—we read in the papers—since they were used to playing in the rain and in the hazy light of the aurora borealis.

It was obvious that the hearts of some of the spectators went out to the Brazilians that afternoon. This was proved to me in the boarding house where I was staying. I should say, in passing, that at the time I was traveling through Sweden and arrived in Stockholm for the games more or less by chance. With me was my eleven-year-old son Santiago, an embryonic soccer player, and both of us were ready to cheer at the top of our lungs for any Latin American team. After seeing the Brazilians only once, we shouted for them as lustily as if they were from home. Among the other boarders, who had come especially for the championship play-offs, a couple from Marseilles were definitely rooting for Brazil. A German seemed to be leaning our way too, despite the decision of an Argentine referee (during the game that Germany lost to France) that had chilled his warm feelings for South America. The Swedes themselves, especially the women, wished us good luck, but I think this was due mainly to Santiago's charm, his dark hair, and his big black/long-

lashed eyes.

When we left for the stadium that afternoon—the German, the French couple, Santiago, and I—the rain had become a steady drizzle; and when we were settled in the stands, it showed no signs of letting up. The crowd was impatient for the game to start. Anyone who thinks the Swedes are cold, distant, or indifferent has never been to a soccer game in Stockholm. Before the players came out and before the King was in his box, a spectator leapt onto the field. He was well dressed, wearing overcoat, hat, gloves, and galoshes. Unfurling a Swedish flag, he galloped around shouting and singing, like a college cheerleader. Since we did not know the language, his cries seemed to us a sort of barking, high and pulsating, something like a mixture of epic poetry and the happy skoal. "Too much excitement," I said to the Frenchman. "Bad, bad. The Brazilians are going to get nervous." "Get him off the field!" shouted a Brazilian spectator, and his compatriots joined in, making it a chant. But the gentleman went right on waving his flag and raising a clamor like a film viking.

The players came on the field, and the game got under way. It was still drizzling, and the turf looked slippery. As anyone who has seen the Olympics can verify, the final game of an international sporting event carries a



Didi dribbles across soggy field that caused more than the usual number of spills



Coach Vicente Feola with triumphant team. Captain Belini (center rear) holds Jules Rimet Cup

tremendous emotional impact. Nowadays people have few opportunities to give free expression to patriotism without feeling restrained or guilty. The athletic field is—as has been said so many times—a miniature battleground where man displays his fighting spirit and his will to win. It is all good-natured, but everyone does his utmost to come out on top. Rivalry and national pride are exploited to good advantage, and the psychological and physical strain that has built up during months of training and feverish expectation suddenly finds release. Even the fans who cannot make it to the stadium listen and suffer as they follow the plays on radio or television, as if the fate of the homeland depended on each move of the ball.

The twenty-two men on that small green field are enveloped in a strange and mysterious aura of passion that quickly spreads to the spectators. They take on individuality and splendor, in every play and position, until we fans come to see in them character traits that ordinarily would not be revealed for years. So every player becomes a legend—and how well the Brazilian soccer players who discard their real names for magical nicknames know this! Each one is a star on whose decisions and valor the harmony of the universe depends. This contagious frenzy, this process of sharpening perceptions, can reach the point of madness; when it culminates, the stadium, with its hundred thousand shouting throats, its wild eyes, and its flailing hands, acquires—for me at least—a ghostly presence, a metaphysical force that

makes death echo across the concrete tiers. The stadium is alive in the afternoon and dead at nightfall. But even after it has poured forth its stream of small shadows into the evening haze, with the far-off whistles and horns of trains and buses, it retains a certain something of human life, something of man's feverish unawareness, of his pathetic, aimless vitality, of his loneliness amid thousands of others who are just as lonely as he.

It was my impression that the Brazilian team showed in their actions, better than any books and monuments could, the marvelous nature of their country. At first they were losing. Only a few minutes after the start of the game a point was scored against them. A momentary slip of the defense, confusion, and wham, a goal. But instead of being frightened or, according to predictions, falling into a fit of nerves, and without changing the pace of their game or the tactics that had been decided upon beforehand, the Brazilians went right on pressing forward with their customary youthful exuberance. Suddenly, Garrincha executed a perfect pass and Vavá evened the score. Minutes went by. Then Pelé—unhurriedly and unpretentiously, as if he were looking in another direction—let fly with a shot from I don't know how many yards out. The incredulous goalkeeper stared as the ball hit one of the uprights so hard that it left the whole cage quivering. It was no goal, but that kick decided the game. Such an unexpected and fantastic feat dealt a blow to the hearts of the valiant, hard-fighting Swedes. Anyone who kicked like that was no ordinary human being:

he was one of His Majesty's artillerymen, an atomic weapon on two feet. His team could not lose. And in fact it did not. Before the end of the first half, Garrincha again passed to Vavá for another goal. After half time, Pelé scored twice and Zagalo once. The Swedes, without ever giving up their desperate fight, closed the gap a little with a goal by Simonsson. Final score: Brazil 5, Sweden 2. At the first Brazilian points we shouted like madmen; after the third I stopped yelling and spent the rest of the time discussing the probable outcome with the Frenchman.

The Brazilians demonstrated a temperament, a discipline, a cooperative spirit that the Europeans did not think they had in them. They knew they were brilliant, but they did not suppose they could be effective. The Europeans take pride in having mastered an intricate soccer style—short, showy passes and a lot of dribbling—which is also characteristic of the Argentine game. They believe in a fast-moving, impetuous game, with a few short plays that quickly move the ball into the opponents' territory. The outcome rests on a surprise shot, accomplished without a moment's hesitation. Parenthetically, many European fans criticize the way the World Cup play-offs are set up: they think the regional criterion lets into the finals American teams that are inferior to European teams that have been eliminated. For instance, they thought Spain and Italy should have been in Stockholm instead of Mexico. To one Italian who aired this opinion I suggested that it would be very interesting for the top teams from his country and Spain to tour Spanish America, not only Mexico but also Argentina,

Exuberant Brazilians wound up embracing everybody in sight, including the somewhat surprised King



Uruguay, Paraguay, Chile, Peru, Colombia, Bolivia, and, if time allows, Costa Rica. And that they pronounce their judgments afterward. I hope they decide to do it before the next World Cup finals, which will be held in Santiago in 1962.

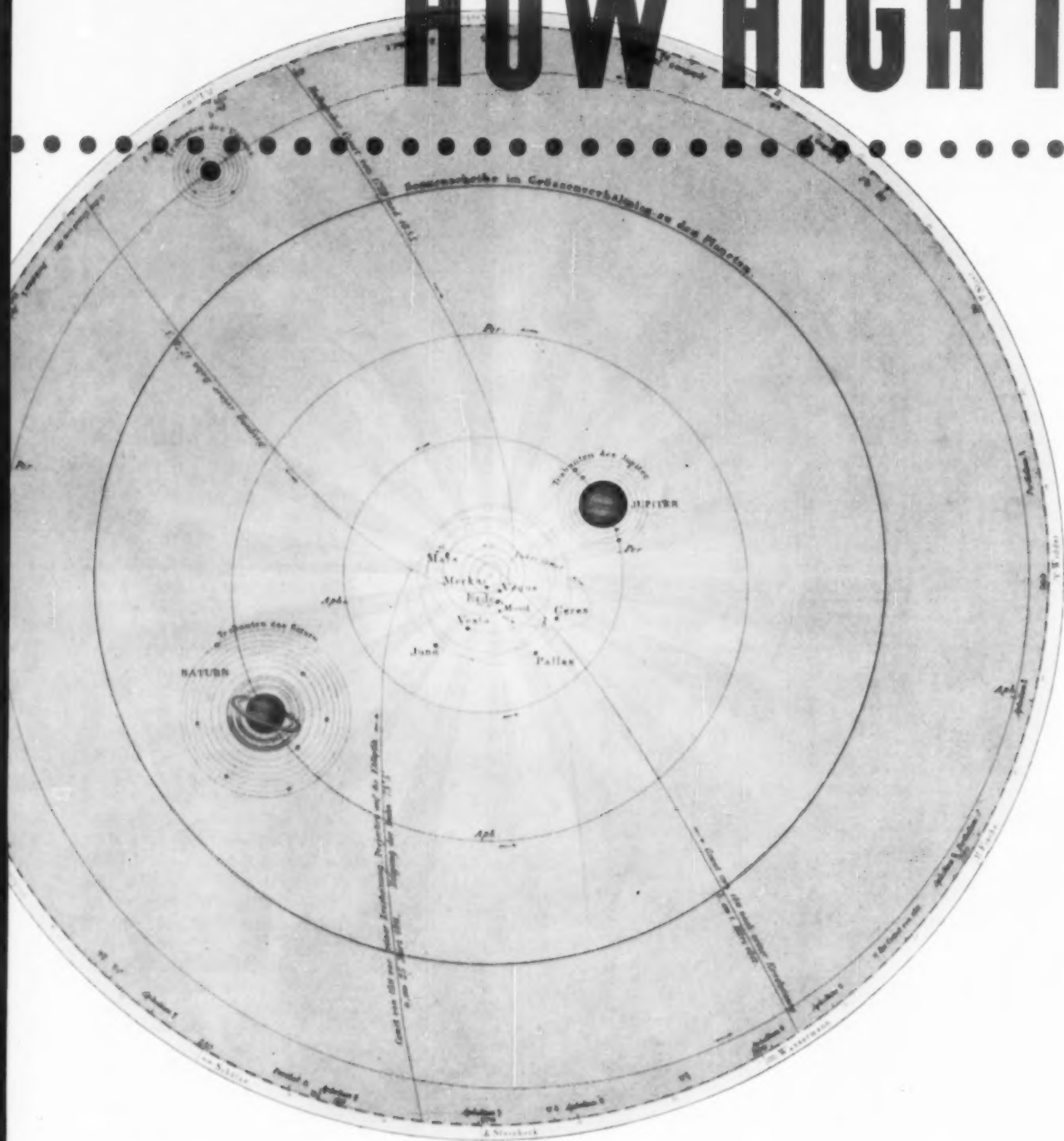
The Brazilians seemed to have mastered the two main techniques of modern soccer: they played it close in center field (Garrincha hypnotized his opponents with his diabolical dribbling), and they were sober and forceful on defense—under the command of Belini and Nilton Santos—while Vavá, Pelé, Zagalo, and Mazzola shot at the enemy goal with no dallying or timidity. Unusual agility, perfect preparation, full knowledge of all the secrets of the game, and, above all, the will to win—these are the reasons for the Brazilian triumph.

From what nation are these people who behave this way, play this way, live this way? Because they are indeed extraordinary. After the game, when the King of Sweden came down onto the field to present the Cup, the Brazilians' actions were unexpected and amusing. Immediately, they took the King by the arm, embraced him, and drew him into their circle to have pictures taken. Then they passed him from one group to another, much to the delighted astonishment of the spectators, who were unaccustomed to seeing their monarch treated so informally. All of a sudden, the masseur and his assistant grabbed a Swedish flag and began to run up and down the field, leaping about like ballet dancers and throwing kisses to the crowd. Gilmar, the spectacular goalkeeper who looks like a movie star, wept with joy, and it was something to see him sobbing on the shoulder of the coach, Vicente Feola. The other team members broke down too, then the Brazilian trainers, photographers, newsmen, and fans. Soon they were all bawling like babies, standing in a sea of tears. But the weeping gave way to gleeful hurrahs, while movie and television cameras caught each stage of the drama.

A childish nation? What nonsense! A wise, experienced, and exuberant nation that is bursting with energy, crammed with rhythm and movement; a nation that is constantly influenced by an innate aestheticism that is the hallmark of its music, its dances, its sports. It is a land where skyscrapers grow like palm trees, and mother-of-pearl and turquoise beaches fan out from fabulous cities; where engineers play with highways and wind them like asphalt ribbons around mountains, through flower-lined tunnels, across bridges that overlook seas and tropical forests.

The Swedes, dreamy and imaginative behind their placid remoteness, soon understood the aesthetic nature of the Brazilians, their marvelous physical well-being, their instinctive "choreography" that transformed the soccer field into a ballet stage; and they were captivated. They applauded them with feeling; they praised their gentlemanliness; they did not hold it against them for beating the home team, for they recognized the Brazilians' unique mastery of soccer. A legend was born, one that will not soon be erased from the annals of international sports, and the dauntless Brazilians proved that sometimes history can also be written with the feet. ♦

HOW HIGH IS



THE SKY?

CHARLES G. FENWICK

PROSPECTS FOR A LAW OF OUTER SPACE

ONCE UPON A TIME the sky was sky-high, that is, it was as high as anybody cared to think, and if anything was higher it was like a star or a planet that was so high it didn't matter. Balloons, of course, could go up pretty high; and by 1899 the First Hague Peace Conference decided that a declaration ought to be made against discharging projectiles and explosives from balloons; and, probably having heard what the Wright Brothers and Santos Dumont were up to, the Conference added "other new methods of a similar nature." Beyond that nobody was concerned. Meteorites might occasionally fall, but if they did not burn themselves out before they hit the earth they could be sold to museums, and in any case there was no one you could blame for the damage they might do.

During all these years Blackstone's thesis of 1765 remained unchallenged. Being an old-fashioned lawyer, given to absolutes, he asserted boldly, with the authority of Roman law behind him, that the sovereignty of the state extended *usque ad coelum*, or high as the sky, and indeed *usque ad inferos*, although no one was interested in going very far in that direction.

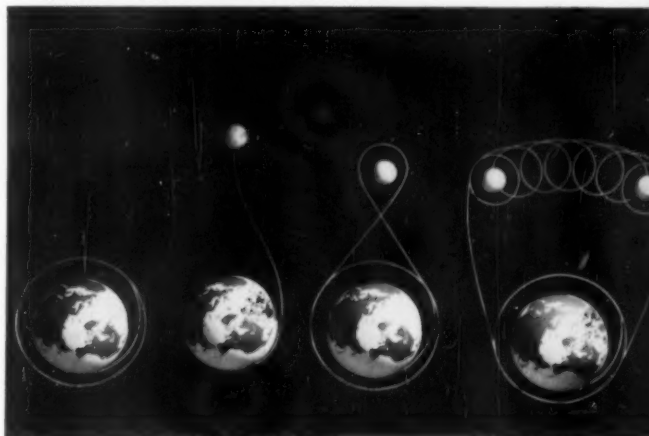
Then, with the coming of airplanes international lawyers had to decide whether there were after all, as their fathers believed, no limits to the height of the sky. Some thought that, by analogy with the marginal sea, there might be a lower zone of territorial air space subject to the sovereignty of the state and a higher zone of free air space corresponding to the high seas. But the difficulty there was that the law of gravity operated in the free air space as well as in the lower air space; and it would be just as bad to be hit by the wreckage of an aerial combat in the free air space as by the wreckage of a combat lower down. Then someone suggested that the outer air space might be subject, like the marginal sea, to a servitude of free passage for non-military aircraft. But this raised the question whether you could risk having the right of free passage abused by military aircraft, so that suggestion was discarded.

Then came the World War of 1914, with its problems

of neutrality and the right of the neutral state to be free from the commission of hostilities within its territory. Holland, a brave little country, took a stand in favor of Blackstone's rule of unlimited sovereign control over the air space; and at the close of the war the Aerial Navigation Convention of 1919 confirmed the Dutch position and proclaimed that "every Power has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory." That appeared to settle the question, so that when the American States met at the Conference of Havana in 1928 the rule of 1919 was repeated verbatim; and after the experience of the Second World War it was again proclaimed, this time with a certain finality, at Chicago in 1944, the Convention on International Civil Aviation declaring that the contracting States recognize that each State has complete and exclusive sovereignty over the air space above its territory.

Well and good; but what about the outer space above the air space? That did not matter so long as airplanes were all that had to be considered. For all practical pur-

Diagram of "Moon Missions": satellite orbiting around earth, moon-impact shot, once around the moon and back to earth, multiple orbiting of moon and return to earth



poses the air space ended where there was no longer sufficient "air" to support an airplane. That might be thirty miles more or less above the earth, but the exact distance was of no consequence. Rockets might, of course, be shot up higher, but they were not a problem beyond the necessity of seeing that they did not fall on someone else's territory. If by chance one fell on a ship on the high seas there would be damages to pay, but no question of sovereignty appeared to be involved.

All this time satellites circling the earth at heights above the atmosphere were still in the laboratories of the scientists. Then suddenly, to the consternation of all good



Light-weight, inflatable satellites, of foil-covered plastic, for measuring characteristics of outer space

people who thought that they were ahead of the bad people in scientific ability, Sputnik I appeared and began to violate the sovereignty of one country after another every twenty-four hours. Was this to be tolerated? And if not, what could be done about it? Obviously nothing, except to try to put up another satellite and show Sputnik's makers that they had no monopoly of such rockets.

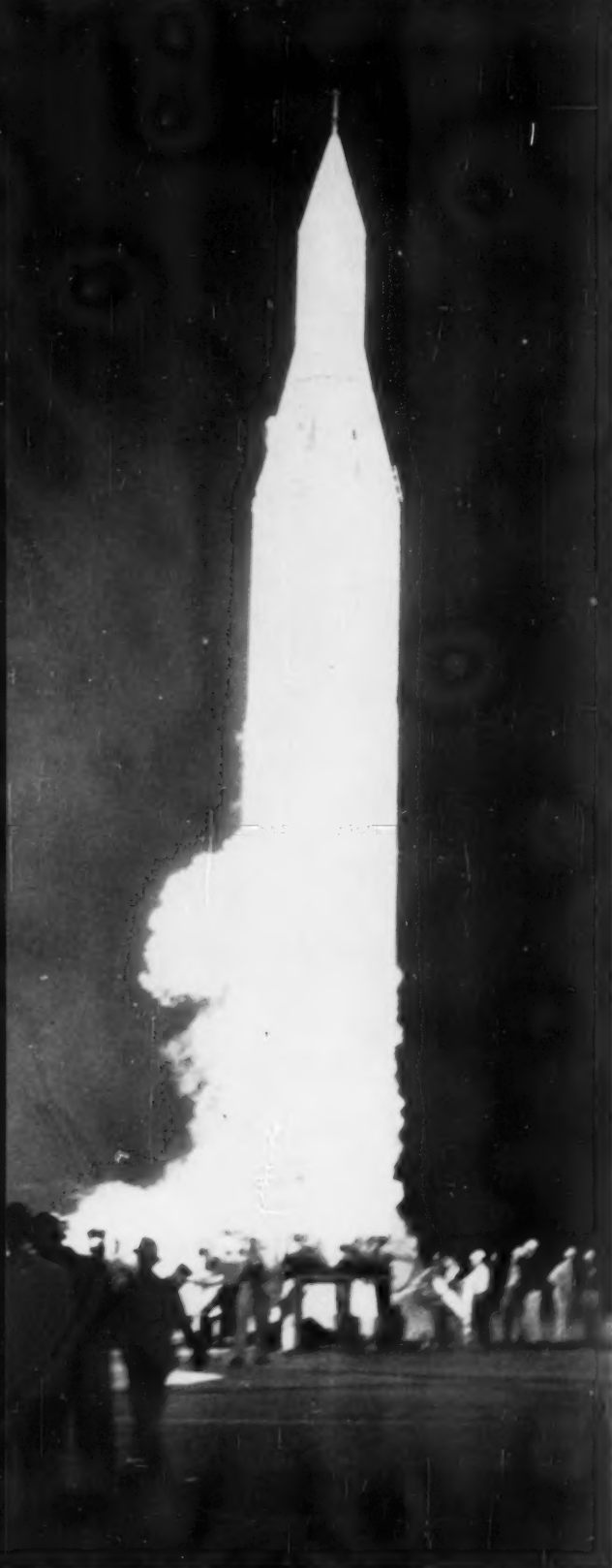
But by this time international lawyers had come to realize that some rule of law must be worked out to meet the situation. It would not do to wait until conflicts of claims arose and the tension developed by them made more difficult the adoption of a general rule. Scientific discussion began on all sides. At a meeting of the American Society of International Law in 1956 Professor Cooper, leader of the panel, was of the opinion that there was no basis for claiming that international law, as expressed in the conventions of 1919 and 1944, was

applicable to the higher areas in which "instrumentalities" dependent upon the air for support could not operate. By analogy with territorial waters and adjacent zones, he suggested that above the territorial air space there might be a "contiguous space" in which there might be freedom of transit for non-military instrumentalities when ascending and descending, leaving the outer space beyond the contiguous space completely free, like the high seas beyond territorial waters.

That seemed a simple solution, provided the term "air space" be interpreted as the space within which there was sufficient air to support an airplane, approximately thirty miles. But by others the term "air space" could be interpreted as extending to the limit of the atmosphere, far beyond the air space, possibly up to thousands of miles, but as yet no one was sure what was the limit. At any rate it appeared to be generally agreed that the air space of the conventions of 1919 and 1944 could not be fairly interpreted to extend the sovereignty of the state into the "outer space" where rockets and satellites could operate without resistance from the atmosphere. In other words the sky, or *coelum* of the older tradition, was not indefinitely high; it was only as high as the parties to the two conventions had in mind when they formulated their rule for aerial navigation.

But the question then arose, How could a state send a rocket or a satellite into the outer space without violating the sovereignty of another state—violating it on the way up if it were designed as a satellite, or on the way down if by chance it should not be able to maintain its flight and should fail to burn out upon entering the atmosphere and fall to the ground and injure persons and property, like an airplane that has missed its course. If a Swiss scientist had invented Sputnik I, he could clearly not have launched it without violating the territorial air space of a neighboring state. The Soviet Union was big enough to accomplish the feat. So was the United States, even if it had pointed its satellite across the country. The size of the two states was great enough to take care of the launching. But the possible fall of the satellite still raised a question. Doubtless the answer would lie in the general principles of the responsibility of the state, when an injury is inflicted by an instrumentality of the state outside of territorial jurisdiction.

What of Sputnik I, flying at an altitude of some 560 miles, and Sputnik II, flying still higher, at an altitude of some 930 miles? Let us assume that as long as they keep their altitude they cannot be said to be violating the sovereignty of the states over which they are flying—fortunately not, because in any case they are beyond effective control. But what if a later Sputnik, or one of our own Explorers, should be fitted with a telescopic camera capable of photographing military installations on the surface of the territory? Would that be a violation of the sovereignty of the state beneath? Again, what could be done about it even if the state beneath were able to detect the fact? Here we are lost in speculation, and the only answer would seem for the offended party to fly a satellite of its own, similarly equipped, if it could do so.



Juno II, launching vehicle for U.S. Army's Pioneer III rocket, shown at Cape Canaveral, Florida

Next came the problem of the moon. What was to be done about it? A more faithful satellite could not be imagined. It went through its phases with a regularity that enabled the early American scout to escape the tomahawk of the Indian by pretending to control an eclipse when it began at a critical moment. Astronomers had photographed its mountains, and scientists had probed into atmospheric conditions that might indicate the possibility of human life. But the public at large was not concerned, beyond enjoying the romantic excitement of its reflected light.

All this is now about to change with the invention of the new instrumentalities of rocket travel. Eager navigators of the air are planning, like Columbus four hundred and more years ago, to set forth on voyages of discovery, to explode themselves, as it were, into the outer space and to land on the moon and stake out areas of occupation and take possession of them in the names of their respective states. The United States started off with a rocket called Pioneer, so designed that, when at its fixed speed it entered the orbit of the moon, a rocket brake would be applied and the speed would be reduced so as to hold the rocket within the orbit of the moon and make it possible for an infra-red camera to transmit back to earth an image of the unseen side of the moon to the earth. The failure of Pioneer to reach its destination only had the effect of stimulating the scientist to correct the faults in its construction. Maybe it would be possible to direct a rocket straight at the moon and plant a flag on it. Perhaps it would be too big a risk to put a man in the rocket and let him talk back by radio; although that would surely be possible some day.

But then came the question whether the lands of the moon were *terra incognita*, *terra nullius*, like the lands of the Western Hemisphere four hundred or more years ago. Could ownership of the moon be claimed by the international law of discovery giving title to the first comer? Would occupation have to follow discovery and

During U.S. Air Force weightlessness experiment, men literally float in space



what would constitute "occupation"? Would the occupants have to be supported from the resources of the country, or could they be fed and maintained by successive rocket ships sent from the earth?

In spite of the difficulties of determining the ownership of the Antarctic regions, where occupation in the technical sense of international law appears to be practically impossible, the question of the occupation of the moon opened up a new field of speculation for scientists, and not a few of the younger international lawyers rushed into it. What analogies could be drawn from the existing rules of international law? Was it logical to apply them to determine titles to the territory of the moon, where conditions might be expected to be radically different from those of the western world when it was first discovered? Would it not be better to wait and see what the first explorers might find on the moon?

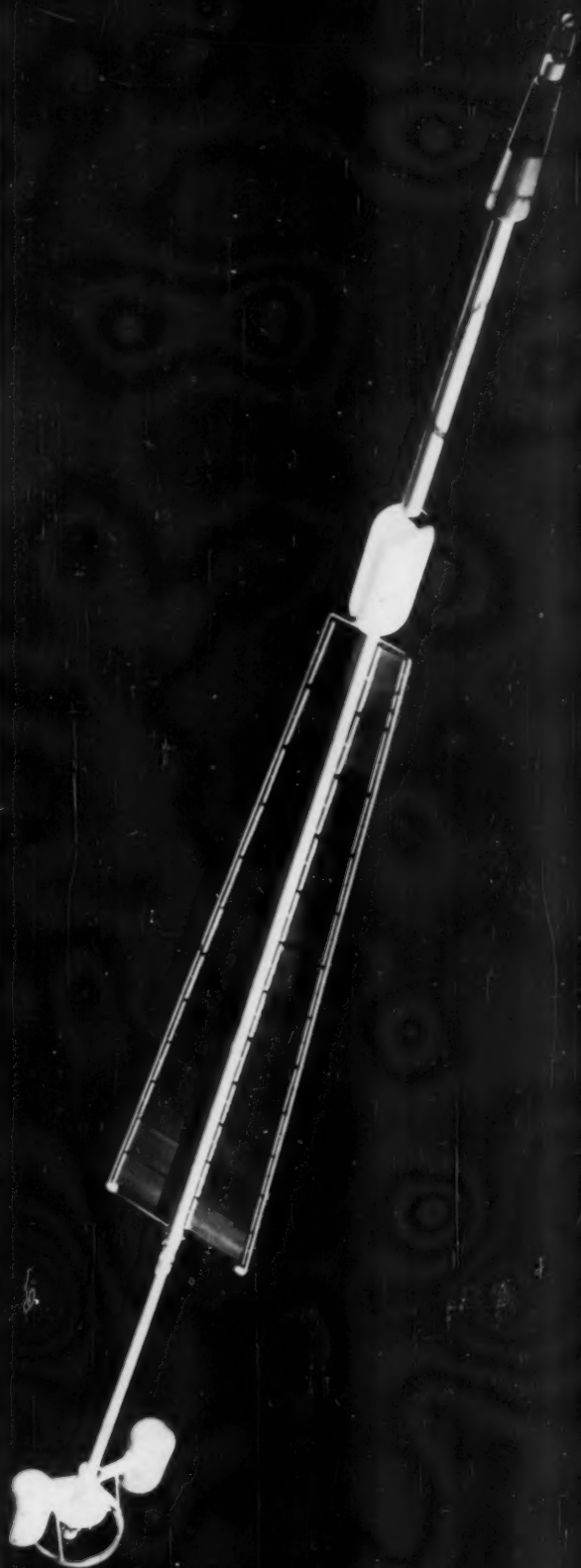
Turning back from the moon to the law of outer space, which quite properly takes priority in respect to urgency, what are the practical as well as the scientific problems before the space scientists; and why is there such serious concern for the development of a space law to regulate those phases of the exploration of outer space that might lead to conflict? In other words, what are the elements that might enter into a code of space law, and how urgent is the need for its adoption?

Assuming that the race into space will accelerate with the coming years, a first suggestion is that space ships be registered, in much the same way that merchant vessels sailing the high seas are registered and given the right to fly the flag of their country. States, having registered their space ships, would accept a responsibility for acts performed on board them and for damage done by them in the event of a forced landing. This assumes ships that are manned by more than one person, and ships that will not be utterly burned out in their descent through the atmosphere. Pioneer, it may be noted, aimed to enter the moon's orbit, was destroyed in its fall to the earth after a flight of 78,270 miles, raising no question of responsibility for damage done. Collisions in mid-air are, of course, remotely possible; and some of the space lawyers are inclined to think that a code of space law should include provision for them.

So long as the Russian rocket Lunik keeps to its orbit around the sun it is in another world and can stay there. No one will want to get too near the sun. But the feat does suggest that the planets Venus and Mars had better look out, or they may find flags of discovery planted on them.

One condition of registration should be the avowed and evident purpose of the flight, scientific or commercial in a broad sense, and clearly not military. How far it will be feasible to check this condition is a separate problem, similar in some degree to the problem of control over the manufacture of nuclear weapons, a problem increasing in difficulty with the development of ballistic missiles.

The scientific objectives of the race into space are highly technical, and some of their implications call for a degree of imagination bordering on the fantastic. In-



Hypothetical spacecraft model, with nuclear reactor at front and crew cabins at rear

vestigation of the atmosphere is perhaps the first objective, the determination of the density of the atmosphere at fixed heights giving us valuable information as to temperature, the existence and impact of micrometeorites, and the extent and character of cosmic radiation. It is difficult for the layman to realize the intricacy of the small instruments that even today can be fitted into a satellite and can store up information for transmittal back to earth, as the satellite passes over installations built to receive the data. Theories of astrophysics and of physical cosmology can be tested; how stars and galaxies are formed; how the sun is constituted, how its dangerous ultra-violet rays are absorbed by the atmosphere, how its radiation ionizes the upper atmosphere, charging atoms and molecules electrically and interfering with radio signals and other forms of radio transmission. What is the nature of the magnetic field around the earth, which enables us to get our bearings by the use of a magnetic needle or a compass? More than one scientist finds it within the range of future invention to establish a manned observatory in the outer space that would make it possible to observe the universe without interference from the atmosphere which now limits the useful size of telescopes.

Technically of much less importance, but of more immediate popular appeal, may be the use of spacecraft for photographic observations of the weather and the conditions determining rainfall, hurricanes, and other disturbances. The science of meteorology is still in its infancy, in spite of the relative accuracy of the weather charts now presented to us in the daily papers. The study of "made weather" should profit greatly by observations made by satellites carrying instruments designed to report on atmospheric conditions now only partially understood.

It is with hesitation that one turns to the military aspects of the problem. For the most obvious comment is that there is little purpose in attempting to develop a law of outer space if we cannot first develop a law of peaceful cooperation on earth. But the military aspects of the race into space are, in fact, the ones that are commanding most attention both from scientists and from the public that is painfully footing the bills of the scientists; and they therefore, of necessity, enter into the problem, if not of a code of law, at least of the objectives of scientific research.

Recent experience has made it clear enough that success in launching spacecraft has had striking effect upon the propaganda associated with the "cold war." The launching by the Soviet Union of Sputnik I and the failure of the United States shortly after to put Vanguard into its orbit caused many of our friends to lose faith in the ability of the United States to protect them in the event of an open conflict; just as doubtless the success of the United States in launching Pioneer to the greatest height yet reached undoubtedly restored for the time being the confidence lost, until shortly afterward the Soviet Union sent Lunik on its way to the sun. The astounding exploit of the Russian scientists in giving such explosive force to their rocket Lunik as to drive it

past the pull of gravity of the moon and send it on out into the orbit of the sun hitherto reserved for planets raised no legal problems; but undoubtedly its psychological effects are not to be discounted.

Turning back to the rivalry in armaments, the relation between the launching of satellites and the development of the ballistic-missile industry is very close. The same Jupiter C rocket used to launch missiles was used to launch Pioneer; and doubtless the experience with Pioneer will aid greatly in improving Jupiter C as a rocket in itself. Observations made by space instruments are expected to improve the accuracy of intercontinental ballistic missiles, so that it may be difficult to distinguish between the scientific uses of spacecraft, discussed in connection with the registration of spacecraft, and ultimate military uses. Whether the rapid development of spacecraft may have in turn unfortunate consequences in respect to the possibility of sudden attack without warning, with effects so devastating as to overcome effective resistance, is a political problem of the same general character as that created by the existing development of atomic and hydrogen bombs accompanied by the increasingly wider range of the means of depositing them accurately upon their targets.

One writer ventures the observation that it will be difficult for belligerents using satellites and ballistic weapons to avoid violating the neutrality of the states through whose atmosphere the weapons must pass on their ascent to outer space. But it is against all past experience to believe that in a general war between powers possessing atomic weapons any consideration will be shown for neutral states as such; so that it would seem to be of little use to include that item in a code of space law. A distinguished scholar suggests that sovereignty might be extended up to the distance necessary for the neutral state to protect its neutrality. But how the right to protect in such cases could be made effective remains to be shown.

The answer to this and a dozen other problems is that it is simply too soon to attempt the formulation of a code of law for outer space. Assuming that certain general principles could be agreed upon at a given conference, new inventions next day would probably render the agreement of doubtful application. Perhaps an agreement could be reached upon the registration of spacecraft; perhaps the United Nations might be authorized to determine the character of spacecraft and the purpose of the flight; perhaps an agreement might be reached to exchange information obtained from satellites. If these first steps should seem to be futile in the presence of the inability of the two leading competitors to reach an agreement upon their present conflicting policies, it might be that cooperation in the new field of outer space might widen the range of their common interests and create a degree of mutual confidence unhappily lacking in other areas of their international relations.

In the meantime, international lawyers have a wide-open field of discussion before them. They can be explorers in the realm of law as the scientists are explorers in the realm of space. ♣



Argentine chief executive addresses special session of OAS Council

President Frondizi

COMES TO WASHINGTON

WHEN President Arturo Frondizi of Argentina visited the Pan American Union, Acting OAS Council Chairman Julio A. Lacarte of Uruguay welcomed his presence as "the greatest tribute that can be paid" to the principle of representative democracy established in the Bogotá Charter. The Argentine chief executive, his country's first freely elected president after twelve years of dictatorship and more than two of provisional government, was in the United States during the last two weeks of January on an official "visit of friendship" that took him to Charleston, Williamsburg, New York, Detroit, Chicago, and Miami, as well as Washington.

In his reply to Ambassador Lacarte's greeting, the scholarly looking guest spoke of America as a place "where millions of human beings suffer the consequences of low standards of living, spiritual backwardness, and fear of the future. . . . Those people await the performance of our duty as Americans. . . ." As for what to do about the problem, he said that "the Argentine Government has great faith in the potentialities of the Committee of Twenty-one [see *AMÉRICAS*, January 1959] for successfully supplementing the traditional inter-American structure." He went on to suggest a broad plan of action for the Organization: "[It] should direct its best efforts

to the training of the technicians and specialists required. . . . [It] must contribute to the formulation of a policy of dynamic development in our countries, by means of the assessment of existing resources, the analysis of trade problems, and the promotion of regional solutions. . . . [It] can help to lay the foundations for a joint study of the social factors connected with Latin American economic development, in order to ensure the equitable distribution of wealth. . . ."

After strongly emphasizing that the Latin American countries "are not satisfied with the mere achievement of given levels of development" but want "to start a vigorous process of expansion with no limits other than those of their own capacity for growth," he said: "If the OAS is to carry out these tasks more efficiently, . . . we must save the time and resources spent on deliberation and apply them to the study of concrete problems and the drafting and carrying-out of programs of work." He added that by encouraging meetings of legislators and government officials, businessmen and labor leaders, technicians, scientists, university professors, press representatives, and artists, the OAS can become "the true Assembly of the Americas."

From the solemnity of the Council room, President Frondizi passed to the noisy dining room of the National Press Club. There, at a luncheon attended by hundreds of U.S. and foreign newsmen (including four editors of AMÉRICAS), he spoke on what the press can do to further Latin American economic, social, and political develop-

ment—mainly by convincing the U.S. public of its vital importance to the cause of democracy. Afterward he faced the customary ordeal of rapid-fire questions, of which the following are representative:

Q.—Do you favor an inter-American political or economic commonwealth or both? And what proposition would you present for forming it?

A.—. . . The OAS has achieved positive results, [and] the government of my country will lend full support to its work.

Q.—What role in promoting economic progress does the President assign to the inter-American development bank now being considered?

A.—My government believes it is a very positive step forward and will back it to the utmost. This institution could serve, in the first place, to unite all the technical aspects of studies being carried on in the region. In the second place, it could make an integral study of the financing required for Latin America's basic needs.

Q.—What concrete problems did you discuss in your meeting with President Samuel Waugh of the Export-Import Bank?

A.—As I have said on other occasions, I made this trip as a gesture of friendship toward the United States; I did not come to discuss financial problems. . . . Besides, my Minister of Economy, Mr. del Carril, handles money matters, not I. But I did outline to Mr. Waugh my country's plans for developing our oil, coal, hydroelectric, and iron resources.

Q.—Do you think the new relationship between your country and ours may indicate a new U.S. policy toward Latin America as a whole?

A.—I believe this is definitely a positive step . . . toward a greater understanding. . . . There is a vital need, on all sides, for completely frank discussions of economic, cultural, and political matters.

In speaking before U.S. Congress, he said Argentina must progress by own efforts but needed foreign cooperation





At PAU: President Frondizi (center) with Acting OAS Council Chairman Lacarte and Secretary General Mora

Standing ovation greeted Argentine President's speech at National Press Club luncheon



At Children's Hospital in Washington, Mrs. Frondizi chats with young polio patient

Q.—Will Argentina accept Soviet financial aid, particularly one hundred million dollars for oil development?

A.—In its relationship with the Soviet Union, Argentina has limited itself exclusively to the field of imports and exports, and in this we have done nothing more than imitate and follow the experience of other great Western powers. Of course, when we have had a surplus product that we cannot dispose of in other markets we have sold to countries of that zone, and in return have received equipment and machinery, but we won't accept ideological influences of any kind.

Q.—What specific measures will Argentina take to attract and protect foreign capital?

A.— . . . First, we have re-established a juridical system that absolutely guarantees an independent judiciary, which renders its decisions in accordance with the law. Second, we have embarked on a plan of financial stabilization in order to halt inflation. Third, we are beginning to further exploit our basic resources, which will bring about a greater interest on the part of investors. . . . You and I know very well that the business of the investor is not to provide charity but to make money. But at the same time we, recognizing that he has to make a profit, think that his investment will help to reactivate our economy. It's good business for both sides. . . .

In line with Press Club tradition, the question period ended with a "gag," when someone asked: "Do you think it's about time for [Fidel] Castro to shave, put on a shirt and tie, and take his place with responsible government heads, like yourself?" In the same tone of voice, President Frondizi shot back: "Just as there should be freedom of the press, there should be freedom about wearing a tie or a shirt." In conclusion, remarking that "I am not a person to waste opportunities," he repeated his request of the reporters: "Continue looking at the whole world, but don't forget that there is a continent called Latin America, with two hundred million human beings who have bodies and souls and who, like you, seek freedom, justice, and progress." ♦

FROM

A

NOVELIST'S

NOTEBOOK

ÉRICO VERÍSSIMO

Illustrations by RUTH FLUNO

Fragment of an Autobiography

I spent the first twenty-five years of my life in the small city where I was born, in the interior of Rio Grande do Sul State. Various financial disasters in my family prevented my father from realizing his dream of sending me to an English university. I worked in a grocery store, I put in a period as a bank clerk, and finally I became a partner in a drug store. Thus, at twenty-one, with all my literary and artistic dreams, I found myself behind a counter, surrounded by mustard plasters, cough syrups, salves, and pills. I spent my time reading the dramas of Shaw and Ibsen, and I was a trifle annoyed whenever a customer came in and I had to leave the company of Major Barbara or the Lady of the Sea to sell him an aspirin.

It was behind this same counter that I wrote some of the stories that I later had published in the state capital in a book entitled *Fantoches* (Puppets). Fifteen hundred copies were printed, of which only a little over four hundred were sold: a veritable publishing catastrophe.

One day the publisher called me into his presence and said:

"I have good news. There's been a fire in one of the warehouses where we store our books. All the copies of *Fantoches* were burned up."

"That's good news?"



"Of course! The books were insured. You will receive your full royalty on the entire edition."

I must confess that the fire was providential in my career as a writer. It gave me not only an opportunity to receive the first money I ever made out of books but also the courage to offer the publisher another manuscript.

Ten years later a reporter asked me:

"Is it true that your first book was immediately devoured by the public?"

I sighed gently as I tried to set the record straight.

"No. By the flames."



Race

It was in Washington, D.C. Autumn gilded the leaves of the trees in the streets and parks, before turning them over to Winter, which would kill them in the annual sacrifice, so that later they could be revived by Spring, thus providing subject matter for poets and prose-writers like the author of these notes, who, one October day, took a taxi on Thirty-fourth Street and asked the driver to take him to Union Station.

The driver was a splendid Negro the color of chocolate (without milk), whose strong white teeth were nearly always on view in a captivating smile.

I fell into conversation with him. What about? Well, about that infallible, eternal subject: the weather. Observing my accent, he asked what country I was from.

"Brazil."

He favored me with a fraternal glance and assured me that he was very fond of "Spanish people." Thinking it best not to disappoint him by explaining that Brazil was not exactly Spanish, I kept silent. Then we spoke of politics and makes of cars. When we arrived at the station I got out, paid my fare, and added a handsome tip. The Negro smiled and bestowed the compliment of all compliments on my race:

"I'm going to tell you something. If I were Latin American, I give you my word, I wouldn't be ashamed of it!"

"Thank you," I replied, moved.

Journey to Cuzco

Five o'clock in the morning at the airport in Lima, Peru.

My bleary eyes are a macabre lens through which the people and things around me have a ghostly air. I feel as if I were buried in a vast mausoleum of livid marble. I do not exactly hear the voices borne on the air, I see them. It's like a nightmare.

I am leaving for Cuzco in a few minutes. In the fluorescent light, the other passengers look like corpses. Already they are the victims of the next airplane crash. May God have mercy on their souls! And on mine, for I am a passenger too.

Suddenly I behold a figure that increases my sensation of dreaming: a short, frail man with coarse dark hair, an angular face, a sharp profile, hollow cheeks, a lively expression around the eyes. He is wrapped in a brown gabardine overcoat, with a leather rucksack on his shoulders. I have the impression that I know him. But from what book? What play? What dream? Then I remember. It is Jean-Louis Barrault. I read in yesterday's papers that the great French actor was in Lima with his company. He must be going to Cuzco also.

I am not mistaken. Within a few minutes, we are all, the actors and I, inside the plane, lashed into our seats

like condemned men into the electric chair. What crime are they executing me for? I recall all my sins. The ones that weigh most on my conscience are those I did not commit.

The plane is in the air; it is climbing, climbing. Now we are flying over the Andes. We can unfasten our seat belts. The electrocution has been postponed. The reprieve has come in time.

But no! We must all be dead. An angel of silvery metal is carrying us to the Other World in its belly. I feel light, faint, short of breath, feeble. Goodbye, earth! Goodbye, friends! I never imagined dying was like this.

Wearing an oxygen mask, the stewardess—O hybrid monster, half elephant, half nymph!—comes to tell me that, as the plane is going up to more than thirty thousand feet, we must all take oxygen too. I begin to sip from the tube that gives me the element my old chemistry professor designated by the symbol *O*. I am resigned to anything. I am a mammal again, I suck the vital milk that flows from some gland in this aluminum creature.

Jean-Louis Barrault and his companions are also partaking of this pathetic hookah, while they contemplate the cordillera down below, brown, rocky, and terrible. We are flying over Prehistory. Cosmic convulsions are

still going on. The earth has not yet crystallized. All the same, I see signs of life on the face of the cordillera, valleys here and there of various shades of green, suggesting tilled fields. And a road like a dizzy white snake, crossing, embracing, ascending and descending the mountains. . . . Snowy peaks stand out sharply against air that is like blue glass. The spectacle is so grandiose that it would be a sacrilege (and a waste of time) to try to describe it.

After two hours we reach Cuzco, the city of brown roofs. The door of the plane opens. I am the first to get out. I feel as if I had landed on the moon. I breathe the cool, clean air and it is as if my breathing had been cut in half. We are at an altitude of well over eleven thousand feet.

A group of Cuzco citizens approaches the plane. From

their style of dress and their solemn manner, I gather that these men must represent the local "conservative classes." When Jean-Louis Barrault emerges onto the ramp, the members of the reception committee break into applause. A great country! Great people, who know how to do honor to the artist! I express my enthusiasm to the attendant who comes to ask me whether I have hotel reservations.

"You're wrong," he says. "That clapping wasn't for the gringo with the rucksack. It was for the other man, the one behind him."

"The man with the mustache?"

"That's him. He's a deputy from Cuzco. He's come back to campaign for re-election."

Cuzco, ancient flower of the Inca Empire, receive in your earthquake-shattered arms this Brazilian tourist, perplexed and panting!

The Letter

His name was Orlando and he was a friend of my childhood. He was lanky of body, he had an oblong face and a listless glance, and he dressed with European elegance. In word and gesture, he was British in his sobriety.

I had lost sight of him for many years, but one day there he is at my door. I ask him in. He shakes my hand casually, as if he had seen me yesterday. He sits down, hitches up his trousers, crosses his legs, and fixes me with an interrogatory eye as if expecting me to ask the first question. I ask all I can think of and he replies only in monosyllables. At last I leave off, and there is a long silence. Orlando takes from his pocket a fountain pen, a sheet of paper, and an envelope and begins to write. From time to time he lifts his eyes from the paper, looks at me, then lowers his head again and goes on writing. This operation takes a good ten minutes, at the end of which Orlando folds the paper and puts it into the envelope, on which he has first taken the trouble to write my name and my complete address: house number, street, and city. This done, he hands me the letter. I open it and read:

DEAR SIR:

The purpose of the present communication is to request of you the kindness to lend me for an indeterminate period the sum of one hundred cruzeiros, for which I shall be very grateful to you.

Awaiting your reply, I remain

Your obedient servant,
ORLANDO OLIVEIRA

This is incredible. Orlando has written me a letter as if we were in different cities. I decide to enter into the spirit of the farce. I pocket the letter and wait. A difficult silence ensues. My friend stirs in his chair, adjusts the handkerchief in his breast pocket, looks back at me. Finally he asks:

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"The answer to my letter."

"What letter?"



"The one I wrote you."

I keep a straight face.

"I haven't received any letter."

And, as my friend registers surprise, I add:

"It must have gone astray. You know, our post office gets worse all the time."

Names

He was a mournful and timid bachelor, frugal with words and gestures. An exemplary civil servant, he always voted for the government candidate. He kept tanagers, collected stamps, and lived in stark terror of colds. Just to leave the house for the office every morning was, for him, the most perilous of adventures. He never dared cross the limits of the city where he had been born, lived, and was eventually to die.

"You know," he told me one day, "traveling not only costs a pile of money but it is very dangerous. The train can go off the rails, the bus can overturn, or along comes a draft, you catch pneumonia, and that's that!"

His name was Marco Polo. Marco Polo da Silva.

The Guerrilla

I had a prodigious uncle. His name was Nestor. He was thickset, ruddy, strong as a bull. When you met him, phlegmatic and placid, you would not imagine him capable of the agility and mobility he revealed in dozens of battles. For my uncle was first and foremost a guerrilla. Wherever there was a revolution, there was he—revolver at his belt, Winchester slung over his shoulder, yellow kerchief around his neck. On horseback, in his gaucho outfit, he resembled Wallace Beery playing Pancho Villa. Fighting was his favorite pastime. But he cherished other loves. He read cloak-and-dagger novels with passionate avidity and he had a Falstaffian thirst and appetite. A man temperate in gesture, soft of voice, incapable of bluster, he was nonetheless gifted with an irrational



courage that he took as much for granted as the color of his hair, the shape of his nose, and even the disfigurement of his left eye, which was blind.

One time, he was standing on the front line ready to shoot when his commanding officer, who was in the same position beside him, yelled:

"Things are getting bad, major. Let's lie down."

Bullets whistling past him, my uncle merely said:

"I'm no frog, to be stretched out on my belly on the ground."

And he remained where he was.

On another occasion, the group he was commanding attacked a small city and rushed the town hall, where the last defenders of the square had taken refuge. He broke down the door with his shoulder and went in. In the vestibule an enemy was waiting, his shotgun at the ready and pointed toward the door. But Nestor shot first and cut him down. Later, when his companions, amazed at this feat, complimented him on the quickness of his draw and the accuracy of his marksmanship, he shrugged and explained:

"Well, I had a hell of an advantage over that boy. He first had to shut one eye to aim. But I'm like Camões, with one eye shut by nature, so all I had to do was pull the trigger."

Once a price was put on his head by the government he was rebelling against. After the revolution was over, Nestor was sneaking back to his native town when he decided to stop at a roadside store for a drink. The yellow kerchief, symbol of his political party, still encircled his bull-like neck. As he entered, a man standing beside the counter recognized him at once and raised his hand to the butt of his revolver. Nestor knew who he was—in person, the chief of police of the district he was heading for. There was a moment of tension. The storekeeper paled. The other men there caught on to the situation,

withdrew, and waited outside in expectation of the volley. Some seconds passed; the silence continued. Nestor approached the counter and asked for a bottle of *cachaça* and two glasses. Turning to the chief, he said:

"Let's drink. I want to see if this bottle holds friendship or enmity for us two."

The other accepted the invitation. They began to hoist glasses. By the third, they were conversing naturally, like old friends. By the fifth, they were exchanging embraces. By the sixth, they were lyrical, they were brothers, they were swearing to die for each other. Soon afterward, Nestor left, free and unscathed. And the police chief stayed on, shouting to the four winds that he had never met a finer fellow in all his life.

I remember the day I went to the movies with my uncle. It was a picture about the relations between parents and children. There were a dissipated father, a martyred mother, and an unhappy daughter, all against a back-

ground of sad, languid violins. Beside me, Nestor was squirming in his seat, sniffing, rubbing his eyes with his fingers. I noticed tears trickling down those cheeks turned to leather by the sun and wind of a hundred revolutions. Realizing that I was watching him, my uncle murmured:

"I get upset at the least little thing. I'm a cow."

A few months later, he was involved in another revolution, the best and hardest of all. Echoes of his prowess reached us. In the vanguard of the famous Prestes Column, which traversed the country for twenty thousand miles from south to north, fording rivers, climbing mountains, opening trails through the virgin forest, always pursued by the legalist forces, Nestor took his yellow kerchief and his passion to corners of Brazil never before explored. It is said that he went barefoot and naked from the waist up. On his brown torso could be seen the scars of more than twenty bullet wounds.

He died at fifty-five. In peacetime. In bed.

The Writer's Secret

I detest cocktail parties, but occasionally I am forced to attend (at least physically) these intolerable gatherings at which people of both sexes pile into a room and, in an atmosphere supercharged with the smoke of cigarettes, cigars, pipes, and enthusiasms, drink, talk, and mill about. The worst of it is that actually they do not talk: they yell. Generally they do not know what they are saying or what they are hearing, if it so happens that they are listening at all. Nor do they ever discover what they are drinking, which seems to be of not the slightest importance so long as it is alcohol. It may be supposed that they are there to enjoy themselves, but actually all they do is stun themselves, which does not seem to me to be the same thing. There is always a guest of honor, but few ever get to see him or find out who he is, what he does, and where he comes from. As for the hostess, she can occasionally be identified as the lady who from time to time smiles at us, presses canapés upon us, and asks us two or three times: "What did you say your name was?"

Be that as it may, one afternoon at a cocktail party I was cornered by a bespectacled young man with the air of an intellectual tormented by *Angst*. He confessed that he had read my books, liked two or three, but had serious reservations about the other seventeen. He also said that he hoped some day to write "the great Brazilian novel."

"Very good," I murmured.

The youth then asked how I wrote.

"On the typewriter," I replied.

"No, I was referring to inspiration."

"Ah!"

"I've heard that writers go in for stimulating drugs. Some drink whisky. Others take benzedrine. I know of one who smokes marijuana. What's your secret?"

"Well, perhaps my secret is that I don't take anything."



"Not even coffee?"

"Sometimes. But very weak."

"Impossible! You must have a secret. Come." He spread his hand across his chest. "Confide in me. I'll never tell a soul."

The air in the room was getting worse by the second. A lady laughed raucously. A gentleman censored my face with cigar smoke. Someone dropped a glass and it shattered on the parquet floor, from which the hostess had had the foresight to remove the rug. The uproar was infernal. I had the impression of listening to the squealing of colored birds in an Amazonian jungle, hot, damp, tangled with vines and lianas—

With a glass of whisky in his hand, my interlocutor waited.

"Well?"

I surrendered.

"Do you really want to know?" I asked.

He gravely bent his ear to my lips. I whispered the name of the magic drug:

"DDT." ♦

TEN YEARS OF

Américas

TEN YEARS AGO this month, AMÉRICAS was just an experiment. Were people in each of the American countries interested enough in those of the other twenty to want to read about them, and about the organization to which all belonged? Could an official publication be lively enough to compete with commercial magazines, and objective enough to be accepted as trustworthy rather than discounted as propaganda? Would a non-profit-making publication be able to maintain high professional standards of writing, editing, and design? Could national boundaries safely be ignored in favor of a truly inter-American editorial policy?

That first issue went to 4,322 subscribers. Last month's went to 72,493. This may be nothing for *Life* or *O Cruzeiro* or *Bohemia* to worry about, but we like to think it proves that the answer to all these questions is yes.

In pursuit of its primary aim—that of representing

the Organization of American States—AMÉRICAS has devoted much space to articles on various aspects of life within the member countries. For one thing, because their art, economic activities, history, literature, and customs deserve—in themselves—to be more widely known than they are. (It is a common complaint that people in the United States are ignorant of the achievements and cultures of Latin America; it is less often pointed out, though we have found it equally true, that citizens of one Latin American country tend to be unfamiliar with what is going on in the rest.) For another, because interest in the OAS and proper judgment of its work can arise only out of acquaintance with and respect for its component parts. As for our job of reporting directly on the progress of the Organization, this has become easier and easier as it has increasingly moved from the sphere of deliberation to that of action. The various occasions



1949



1951



1950



1952



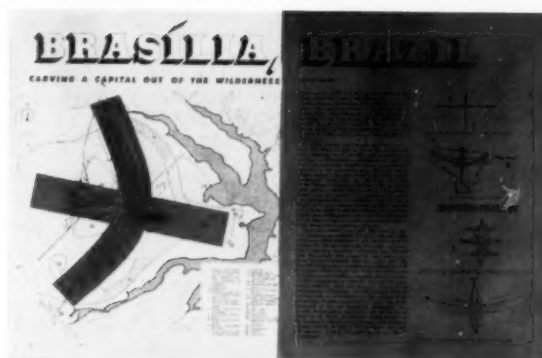
1953



1957



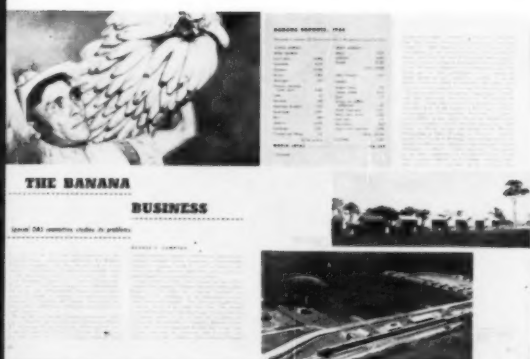
1954



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1955



1956

when prompt intervention has preserved Hemisphere peace, the broadened scope of cultural interchange, the tremendous expansion of technical cooperation, and now Operation Pan America—all these have occurred during the life span of AMÉRICAS.

Our contributors have included some of the most distinguished writers of the Western Hemisphere. At the head of the list, perhaps, should go Alberto Lleras, now President of Colombia, who as OAS Secretary General and as an experienced journalist, saw the magazine through its early growing pains. His successors, the late Carlos Dávila and the incumbent José A. Mora, continued his firm support, and both wrote for our pages before as well as during their terms. There have been Ciro Alegría, Germán Arciniegas, Jorge Basadre, Alejo Carpentier, Henry Steele Commager, Jorge Délano (Coke), Fernando Diez de Medina, the late Irwin Edman, Gilberto Freyre, Natalicio González, Max Henríquez Ureña, Juana de Ibarbourou, Andrés Bello, Enrique Labrador Ruiz, Ricardo Latcham, Juan Liscano, the Marcelins, Mariano Picón Salas, José Antonio Portuondo, Alfonso Reyes, Ricardo Rojas, Francisco Romero, Salarrué, William Saroyan, Benjamín Subercaseaux, Arturo Uslar Pietri, Luis Valcárcel, Rafael Heliodoro Valle, Bernardo Verbitsky. And this is only a random selection—we could not possibly include everybody.

And now for the next ten years. ♦

a word with

FELIPE PAZOS, JR.

FRANK W. GREENE, JR.

ON A SUNDAY AFTERNOON not long ago I stopped in at 3729 Susana Lane, in Chevy Chase, a prosperous suburb of Washington, to call on Felipe Pazos, Jr. On my way there, I had seen a crowd lined up at a theater showing Ernest Hemingway's *The Old Man and the Sea*, starring Spencer Tracy and my fourteen-year-old Cuban host.

Felipe was in the sixth grade at Ruston Academy in Havana when Warner Brothers came to Cuba looking for a boy who could speak fluent English for their film. Ten candidates were interviewed. A week later, he was notified that he had the part.

"In Havana, Felipe liked to go without shoes," said his mother. "Of course, he wore them for the interview. They made him take them off."



Felipe (front center) with mother (in black) and other family members in suburban Washington home

"I had to go barefoot all through the picture," put in Felipe. "So did Mr. Tracy. He has very tender feet, and it hurt him more than it did me."

Most of the picture was made during the summer of 1956 along the beach at Cojimar, a fishing village near Havana, with Tracy as Hemingway's "Old Man" who had gone without a fish for eighty-four days, and Felipe as the boy who worshiped him and looked after him. In Cojimar work began as early as four in the morning. Felipe wore no make-up in the picture. "And neither did Mr. Tracy," he said. "He doesn't need it."

Because of production difficulties, filming was not resumed until the summer of 1957. Felipe went to Hollywood to complete the picture. "I was there two months, but I wouldn't want to live there. Everybody's crazy." He met no movie stars except Tracy, and there is only one

he regrets not having met: Jane Russell.

Felipe's prodigious memory caused Tracy some uncomfortable moments, since every time he hesitated over his lines or failed to deliver them word for word, the small Cuban called it to his attention. It seems Felipe had memorized the entire script. After one particularly grueling session, Tracy shouted at the director: "Get rid of that kid—I never want to see him again!"

The boy thinks movie-making is easy. "There's nothing to it," he said. "You just do the same thing over and over again." He told me he earned thirty thousand dollars for his work. "But Hollywood has lots of money," he added modestly, "and they don't care how they spend it." In his scrapbook there is a photostat of his first salary check—for \$4,666—earned when he was eleven.

As for the critics, Richard L. Coe of the *Washington Post and Times Herald* wrote that Felipe was "a fine choice for the little boy." The *Commonweal* said that he played his part "with restraint, but with warmth." Another critic called him "convincing."

When I interviewed Felipe, then a ninth-grader at Kensington Junior High School, the Pazos family had lived in the United States since 1956. They returned to their home in Havana after the recent change in the Cuban Government. The young actor's father, Felipe Pazos, Sr., has been reinstated as head of the National Bank of Cuba. Since his resignation in 1952, the family had been in exile off and on.

Though his parents think of him as a typical U.S. adolescent, Felipe is remarkably well informed on Latin American politics. Once during a casual encounter with a young exile from another country, he fired a volley of questions about the political situation in his new acquaintance's country, the position of the different parties there, and how they differed from the corresponding ones in Cuba. He likes to read, and at the moment his favorite author is Jules Verne. But he also enjoys target shooting and baseball ("I'm too light for football").

Does he plan to continue acting? "I would like to attend the Massachusetts Institute of Technology," he replied seriously. "I want to become a mining engineer."

Felipe seems to be completely unaffected by his movie experience, but he may have problems later. His brother Javier reported what one of the girls at Felipe's school said when the picture opened in Washington and stories about him appeared in the papers: "He's cute! And he has thirty thousand dollars, too." ♦

In scene from film *The Old Man and the Sea*, with Spencer Tracy





TIME FOR RESEARCH

Though barely a year old, Dalmos magazine—a monthly published in Lima—counts some twenty-six Peruvian writers among its regular collaborators. Each issue covers a wide range of interests—art, philosophy, music, literature, drama, and so on. In the following article, Luis E. Valcárcel states a problem that concerns many nations:

Our universities have not been giving scientific research the high priority it merits. . . . There has been far too much emphasis on professional training. In a country like ours—where we are just beginning to understand, from a scientific viewpoint, our true physical and social situation—it falls primarily to the institutions of higher learning to channel intellectual activity into the field of research. Organized groups of professors and students should undertake the task without delay. Recognizing this urgency, some institutions have rushed ahead, with only the limited funds our economy can provide; but resoluteness and enthusiasm can do much to fill the gap.

One of the first things we must learn is teamwork. . . . Objectives and methods must be coordinated, and the various branches of science will have to unite in a joint effort. For example, anthropological research requires close cooperation among sociologists, ethnologists, geographers, historians, natural scientists. . . . Obviously, material that has previously been carefully cubbyholed, must now be exchanged freely . . . , and only in the univer-

sities—as centers of information for all fields—can this be achieved. . . . But mere awareness of the facts counts for nothing if there is no immediate follow-up action. . . .

Exhaustive research at the university level should provide the formulas for solving all our economic, political, juridical, technical, and other problems. . . . It is now squarely up to the teachers and students, all of us, to stop evading this responsibility. . . .



"Julia! Did you see? A flying saucer in the garden! I'm going to call the police."—Cahuide, Lima

SKIN DEEP

In this article from La Prensa, the well-known Spanish-language daily that is published in New York, Félix Soloni pokes gentle fun at the ladies:

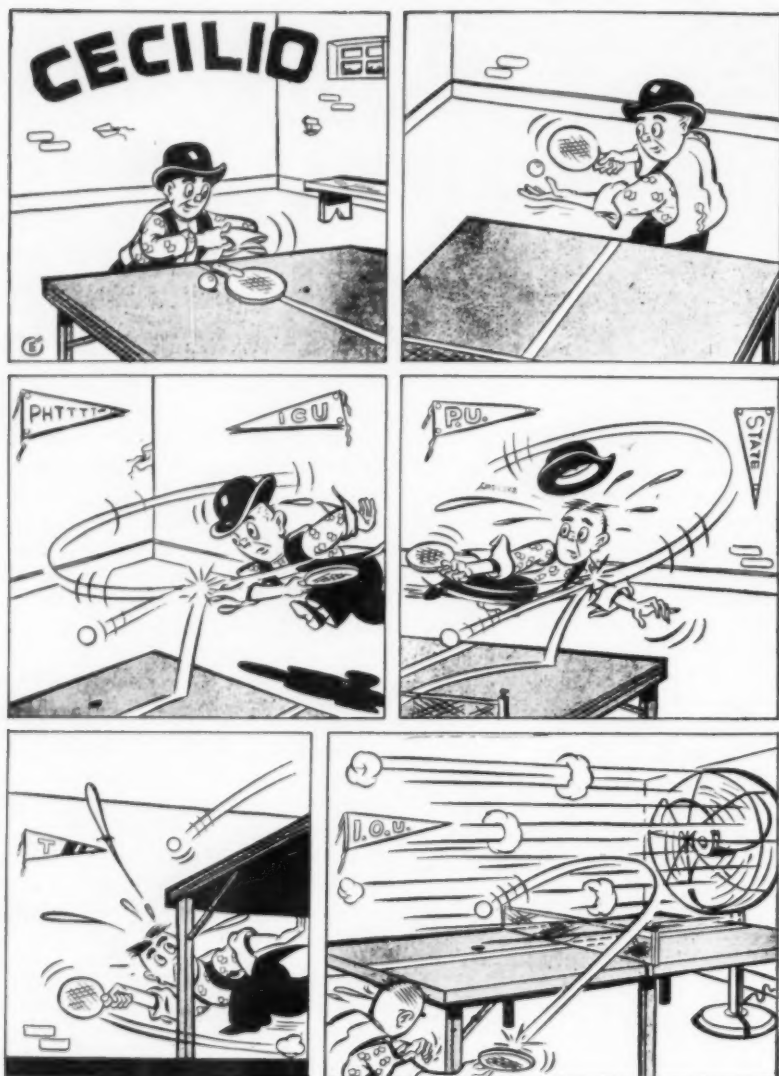
When a boxer or a ball player retires, he almost always opens a bar; when a musician abandons the clef and staff, he goes into the restaurant business. In the good old days, when a girl wanted to be on her own, she

put a "Mademoiselle" in front of her name and opened a high-fashion dress shop. . . . Now she can . . . open a beauty parlor, which has won an important place in modern society—as a sort of combination oasis, bridge path, springboard, confessional, and, at times, dream factory.

Ever since Irene Castle cut her hair. . . . women have forgotten the art of coiffure. . . . Gone are the days when they used to sit before the mirror and arrange their hair, with many of the same gestures a harpist makes. The advent of the permanent—which is the most temporary of all hairdos, since it has to be set every week—marked the downfall of "curl papers." I just happened to think, Medusa's hair was probably put up in curl papers. . . .

Cosmetic face creams took the place of pulverized egg shells; new laboratory preparations did away with the home chemistry of hydrogen peroxide, ammonia, and camomile for turning brunettes into blondes; women learned to "put on" their faces. All this and more, combined with the pressure of modern living, made the beauty parlor a necessity.

Today, according to statistics from the Bureau of Internal Revenue, there are in the United States more than a million women who list "beautician" as their occupation and the source of their income. To become a beautician . . . , a whole course of study is required: it includes a smattering of anatomy, chemistry, physical culture, art, and the like. Then, before a salon can be opened, both city and state health departments must give their



—Unión, Mexico City

stamp of approval. It seems that almost nothing is too much if it helps . . . to present women in their "best form."

Mulling over these things, I feel tremendously proud of that female relative of mine who had her wits about her when she fell into bad times. So that she would not have to take a job beneath her social standing, she made curl papers from the family tree. . . .

It used to be that a woman would spend one week saying "I have to wash my hair"; another, "I'm going to wash my hair"; and the third, "I washed

my hair." During the remaining week, she bitterly lamented: "I don't know what I'm going to do with this hair of mine!" Almost always she was considering having it dyed.

Now, there is a marked urgency in the same process: "I have to leave you now because I have a three-o'clock appointment at the beauty parlor." The beauty salon has taught women to wash their hair . . . almost by the clock. A woman can be late for a date, can postpone a session with the dentist, but miss her turn at the beauty salon? Never.

The visit to the beauty parlor is the point of departure for any stellar moment: a wedding, a birthday, an important party, a trip.

In the beauty parlor gossip is passed on indirectly, much like a double play in baseball. Mrs. A tells the operator—forgive me, the beautician—Miss B, who in turn tells Mrs. C. They are small, inane secrets: "Didn't you know? I'm having a party tonight. Make me beautiful because I'm going to dress to kill!"

A woman always seems to be in a hurry as she leaves the beauty salon: she wants to get home quickly and "arrange" her new hairdo herself. Many almost hide themselves under scarfs and the like, as if they wanted to keep the source of their beauty a secret.

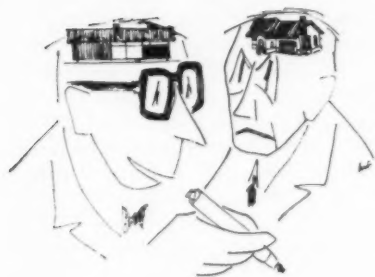
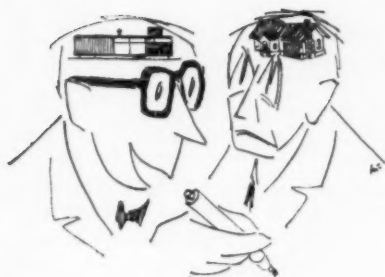
. . . When we look at those marvels of loveliness that are the result of skillfully applied make-up, artistic hair-styling and setting, and expert corsetry, we understand the profound symbolism of the fairy story about Sleeping Beauty and the Prince. That lucky Prince saw his beauty when she first waked up! A stroke of good fortune enjoyed nowadays only by milkmen, or firemen at an early-morning blaze.

FOR WOMEN ONLY

Writing in Mundo Melhor—a lively, general-interest monthly published in São Paulo—Maria Aparecida Ataliba L. Gonçalves describes a profession that requires no university degree but should rank alongside law, medicine, and the rest:

When a married woman fills out . . . any sort of application form, she writes "housewife" under "Occupation." The first time this came up after my marriage I pondered it for a while. I had quit my teaching job, so I could no longer write "teacher." Still a bride, I did not yet think of myself as a housewife. Besides, at that time I thought that being a housewife was more a question of marital status than of occupation or profession.

Soon, however, I began to get a clearer perspective on the subject. The first difficulty I encountered in my new career was that the only maids who came to work in our house were young



"Bad Times," by Hormiga Negra.—Nuestra Arquitectura, Buenos Aires

and inexperienced, and did not know how to cook. . . . All I could do was ask my husband to give me a good cookbook. I would study the recipes in my bedroom, then go to the kitchen and tell the new girl how to make a cream soup, a chicken couscous, or a pie. After trying to make cooks out of some three or four of these apprentices, I had become a fairly good one myself. . . . It was the same with shopping: if I wanted good buys, I had to go to the market or telephone the grocer myself.

By then I had already reached the conclusion that even for a girl who had helped her mother with the chores and had looked after younger brothers and sisters, running a house is not easy. I was not totally ignorant on the

subject, but it was almost too much to keep up with the cooking, washing, ironing, mending, and other household tasks and stay cheerful and neatly dressed all at the same time.

Fortunately, when I was fifteen I had learned from Pollyanna how to be optimistic and had always thought it intelligent . . . to look on the good side of everything. My husband agreed with this philosophy, so we collaborated in overcoming difficulties one by one. . . .

Later—but not too much later—I . . . became a mother in addition. God does not let us see into the future; if He did, we would never believe that a mere woman could become a teacher, a nurse, a dietitian, a guardian angel, and even a mind reader. . . . But "the Lord helps those who help themselves." . . . The babies are fed and bathed and dressed; the household routine goes on; lunch is ready and waiting for Daddy—provided the housewife stays on her toes. . . .

A wife must also perfect her role as her husband's companion. . . . If she fails to listen carefully when he talks about his job and his problems at work, to root for his favorite team and console him when it loses, to heed his comments on the evening paper . . . she misses out . . . on sharing part of his life.

Once, some friends and I were teased by our husbands, who said that they had married college girls who had gradually turned into cooks. . . . Obviously, they had expected their college girls to be all things at once . . . , philosophers and laundresses. The

next time we got together, the wives had all found time to read newspapers and books. . . .

Being a successful wife entails endless trial and error. Husband, children, and home make demands; slowly she learns to distinguish what is most urgent and to divide her time and attention accordingly, in an effort to do everything well. A woman who approaches marriage as a career . . . will feel the same pride in solving day-to-day problems as a surgeon in performing successful major operations or as an attorney in winning hard cases.

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"He has no consideration for his patients. He keeps them waiting while he files his nails!"—Folha da Manhã, São Paulo

ANSWERS TO QUIZ on page 42

1. Because of its crater. 2. First. 3. Larger.
4. Repertorio Americano. 5. An orchid. 6. Bruselas.
7. Turrialba. 8. Carthago (Carthage).
9. La Negrita. 10. William Walker.



RECENT LITERATURE IN CHILE

Reviewed by Dorothy Hayes de Huneus

Although it was actually published in Buenos Aires, a new work by Chile's greatest living poet can hardly be excluded from a Chilean book round-up. Much of Pablo Neruda's *Estravagario* (Muse Errant) is ingenious verse, scintillating, funny, thought-provoking, first-class in its genre, but on a different plane from pure poetry. An imp of wayward humor, of whom Pablo Neruda has hitherto permitted mere indirect and fugitive glimpses, has this time been allowed but to take the reins of Apollo's chariot into his own hands and drive it wherever his whim dictates. Sometimes it skims arid sands of satire:

*Fué sudorosamente pobre,
Valía un solo caballo.*

He was poor and sweaty,
Worth just one horse.

*Su hijo es hoy muy orgulloso
y vale varios automóviles.*

Today his son is haughty
And worth a string of cars.

Sometimes it nears the zenith, as in the almost biblical exaltation of language that evokes the fire and pride of a troop of horses that suddenly transfigure a Berlin winter's day with the flame of life itself. The name of Matilde Urrutia guides it along a starry path of romanticism; the poet is telling us, for example, that he cannot do without the falling leaves of autumn, the winter rain that he has always loved, the summer round

as a watermelon, and we are just about to ask why he says nothing of the fourth and sweetest season, when he forestalls us with

*Matilde mía, bienamada...
yo cambio la primavera
porque tu me sigas mirando.*

Matilde, my beloved...
I surrender the spring in exchange
for your looking at me still.

But for the most part the imp meanders up and down in an airy middle sphere between the witty and the lyrical, the gross and the delicate, the beautiful and the grotesque, where teasing paradox makes way for sensitive description, and mockery and metaphysics meet. It has also selected most of the nineteenth-century drawings that accompany the text.

The title of the book itself gives a hint of what to expect. It is a fusion of *estro* (poetic ardor, inspiration) with *vagar* (to wander) in a form that brings to the ear echoes of both *extravagar* (to indulge in extravagant behavior or language) and *estrafalario* (eccentric, fantastically odd)—a portmanteau word of the kind dear to Lewis Carroll on one level and to Gerard Manley Hopkins on another. These are not an inappropriate pair to associate with *Estravagario*, where delight in significant nonsense is inseparably united with dark obsessions. "Every now and then, not too often," says Neruda, "one must take a dip in the tomb." But in *Estravagario* Death and Time attend upon the imagination at every turn. Time—teaching the baby's foot that it was never meant to be an apple or a butterfly; imprisoning it in the dark isolation of the shoe; hardening and distorting its petals; driving it on its blind and exhausting way over fields, down mines, through shops, from ministry to ministry; granting it scarcely a moment to lie bare in love or sleep, until at last the man entire stops dead, and in unbroken night it does not even know it is a foot no longer. Death—which might answer so many riddles but that the wind blows through the hollow places of the skull and whispers truth, with final irony, where once were ears to hear. No morbid death-wish for Neruda, who finds this earth too much to his liking to be attracted even by the prospect of a trip to another planet, let alone by heaven or hell. In "Laringe [Larynx]," a brilliantly amusing travesty of the indignities and the miserable suspense endured between the first suspicion that a seed of death may have fallen in his throat and the doctor's decision that there is no danger after all, the threatened victim breaks out in exasperation:

*...Muerte, hija de puta,
¿hasta cuándo nos interrumpes?
¿No te basta con tantos huesos?*

Death, you bastard,
how long are you going to keep on
interrupting?
Haven't you got enough bones yet?

And, in the relaxation of relief, he allows himself a rude grin at the pious:

*Si les digo que sufrí mucho,
que quería al fin el misterio,
que Nuestro Señor y Señora
me esperaban en su palmera,
si les digo mi desencanto,
y que la angustia me devora
de no tener muerte cercana,
si digo como la gallina
que muero porque no muero*

If I tell you that my suffering
was grievous,
that I longed to sound the mystery
at last,
that our Lord and Lady waited for
my coming among the palms
If I tell you of my disillusioned
anguish that death's not near,
if I cluck about dying for I die not,

denme un puntapié en el culo
como castigo a un mentiroso.

you can kick me in the rump
for a liar.

A variation on the theme of "The grave's a fine and private place,/But none, I think, do there embrace" (we shall indeed be strangely intermingled, admits Neruda, but what will be the good of it in a graveyard?) ends with a cry to Matilde:

¡Qué no nos separe la vida
y se vaya al diablo la muerte!

Let not life divide us,
and to the devil with death!

But if Time, Death's confederate, allies itself with greed and hatred, poverty and filth, to smirch and bedraggle the brightness of the early morning, it also brings the night round, and the freshness of another day. And linked to Neruda's defiant concern with death there is not only an eagerness to live fully what is left of life, but an urgent awareness of the need for constant rebirth and renewal, for the revival of the faculty of wonder that is too often atrophied by routine and memory or bemused by the ironmongery of the cities. This awareness is never far from the surface, even when the fun is as apparently light-hearted as in "Bestiario," with its disarming defense of the spider, its admiration of the agile flea, its nostalgia for the green-water world of frogs, its regret that a ruminating poet should never yet have had a heart-to-heart with those that chew the cud, its satisfying epithets ("the exemplary penguin," for instance), and the note of polite social preoccupation on which it charmingly ends:

Por eso, señores, me voy
a conversar con un caballo,
que me excuse la poetisa
y que el profesor me perdone,
tengo la semana ocupada,
tengo que oír a borbotones.

So, gentlemen, I will leave you;
I am off to have a chat with a horse
I must ask the poetess to excuse me,
and the professor to forgive me...
I shall be busy all week.
I have to do a lot of listening.

¿Cómo se llamaba aquel gato?

Let me see now, what was that
cat's name?

Hence, too, the poet's frequent harking back—despite "Cantasantiago," which in his profession of love for the city that is his foster mother—to his own true origins, to the "regions of rock and wheat," to the woodlands of southern Chile whose lovely litany of trees he chants (Neruda has not lost his ear for the associative music of words) in "Carta para que me Manden Madera [Letter Sending for Timber]." Hence the desire to keep in closer touch with earth, to resume communion with the sea; in the very midst of laughter, his deep feeling for the latter breaks out in passages of moving beauty. So, in the long "Testamento de Otoño [Autumn Testament]," although he denounces hatred, he bequeaths to it, among other legacies, his horseshoes, his sailor's jersey, and his walking-boots, in order that the world may learn to understand and accept the quiet existence of "those who have wood and water." This poem contains the most sustained and explicit of the many tributes to Matilde Urrutia (although the book itself, with its vitality and compassion, its gaiety and tolerance, is a tribute to love). And it closes the whole paradoxical, contradictory record of the "perpetual motion of a man who was lucid and muddled, pluvius and cheerful, energetic and autumnal"—a man

of our time—with a moment of certainty. One thing, at least, will survive the grave.

Daré un salto en la transparencia
como un nadador del cielo,
y luego volveré a crecer
hasta ser tan pequeño un día
que el viento me llevará
y no sabré cómo me llame
y no seré cuando despierte:
entonces cantaré en silencio.

I shall dive into transparency
like a swimmer of the skies,
and then I shall grow again
till one day I have grown so small
that the wind will bear me away,
and I shall not know my name,
nor, when I wake, be:
then shall I sing in silence.



Pablo Neruda, in the mood in
which he wrote *Estravagario*

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RECENT LITERATURE IN CHILE

Reviewed by Dorothy Hayes de Huneeus

Although it was actually published in Buenos Aires, a new work by Chile's greatest living poet can hardly be excluded from a Chilean book round-up. Much of Pablo Neruda's *Estravagario* (Muse Errant) is ingenious verse, scintillating, funny, thought-provoking, first-class in its genre, but on a different plane from pure poetry. An imp of wayward humor, of whom Pablo Neruda has hitherto permitted mere indirect and fugitive glimpses, has this time been allowed but to take the reins of Apollo's chariot into his own hands and drive it wherever his whim dictates. Sometimes it skims arid sands of satire:

*Fué sudorosamente pobre.
Valía un solo caballo.*

He was poor and sweaty,
Worth just one horse.

*Su hijo es hoy muy orgulloso
y vale varios automóviles.*

Today his son is haughty
And worth a string of cars.

Sometimes it nears the zenith, as in the almost biblical exaltation of language that evokes the fire and pride of a troop of horses that suddenly transfigure a Berlin winter's day with the flame of life itself. The name of Matilde Urrutia guides it along a starry path of romanticism; the poet is telling us, for example, that he cannot do without the falling leaves of autumn, the winter rain that he has always loved, the summer round

as a watermelon, and we are just about to ask why he says nothing of the fourth and sweetest season, when he forestalls us with

*Matilde mía, bienamada...
yo cambio la primavera
porque tu me sigas mirando.*

Matilde, my beloved...
I surrender the spring in exchange
for your looking at me still.

But for the most part the imp meanders up and down in an airy middle sphere between the witty and the lyrical, the gross and the delicate, the beautiful and the grotesque, where teasing paradox makes way for sensitive description, and mockery and metaphysics meet. It has also selected most of the nineteenth-century drawings that accompany the text.

The title of the book itself gives a hint of what to expect. It is a fusion of *estro* (poetic ardor, inspiration) with *vagar* (to wander) in a form that brings to the ear echoes of both *extravagar* (to indulge in extravagant behavior or language) and *estrafalarío* (eccentric, fantastically odd)—a portmanteau word of the kind dear to Lewis Carroll on one level and to Gerard Manley Hopkins on another. These are not an inappropriate pair to associate with *Estravagario*, where delight in significant nonsense is inseparably united with dark obsessions. "Every now and then, not too often," says Neruda, "one must take a dip in the tomb." But in *Estravagario* Death and Time attend upon the imagination at every turn. Time—teaching the baby's foot that it was never meant to be an apple or a butterfly; imprisoning it in the dark isolation of the shoe; hardening and distorting its petals; driving it on its blind and exhausting way over fields, down mines, through shops, from ministry to ministry; granting it scarcely a moment to lie bare in love or sleep, until at last the man entire stops dead, and in unbroken night it does not even know it is a foot no longer. Death—which might answer so many riddles but that the wind blows through the hollow places of the skull and whispers truth, with final irony, where once were ears to hear. No morbid death-wish for Neruda, who finds this earth too much to his liking to be attracted even by the prospect of a trip to another planet, let alone by heaven or hell. In "Laringe [Larynx]," a brilliantly amusing travesty of the indignities and the miserable suspense endured between the first suspicion that a seed of death may have fallen in his throat and the doctor's decision that there is no danger after all, the threatened victim breaks out in exasperation:

*...Muerte, hija de puta,
¿hasta cuándo nos interrumpes?
¿No te basta con tantos huesos?*

Death, you bastard.
how long are you going to keep on
interrupting?
Haven't you got enough bones yet?

And, in the relaxation of relief, he allows himself a rude grin at the pious:

*Si les digo que sufrí mucho,
que quería al fin el misterio,
que Nuestro Señor y Señora
me esperaban en su palmera,
si les digo mi desencanto,
y que la angustia me devora
de no tener muerte cercana,
si digo como la gallina
que muero porque no muero*

If I tell you that my suffering
was grievous,
that I longed to sound the mystery
at last,
that our Lord and Lady waited for
my coming among the palms
If I tell you of my disillusioned
anguish that death's not near,
if I cluck about dying for I die not,

denme un puntapié en el culo
como castigo a un mentiroso.

you can kick me in the rump
for a liar.

A variation on the theme of "The grave's a fine and private place./But none, I think, do there embrace" (we shall indeed be strangely intermingled, admits Neruda, but what will be the good of it in a graveyard?) ends with a cry to Matilde:

¿Qué no nos separe la vida
y se vaya al diablo la muerte!

Let not life divide us,
and to the devil with death!

But if Time, Death's confederate, allies itself with greed and hatred, poverty and filth, to smirch and bedraggle the brightness of the early morning, it also brings the night round, and the freshness of another day. And linked to Neruda's defiant concern with death there is not only an eagerness to live fully what is left of life, but an urgent awareness of the need for constant rebirth and renewal, for the revival of the faculty of wonder that is too often atrophied by routine and memory or bemused by the ironmongery of the cities. This awareness is never far from the surface, even when the fun is as apparently light-hearted as in "Bestiario," with its disarming defense of the spider, its admiration of the agile flea, its nostalgia for the green-water world of frogs, its regret that a ruminating poet should never yet have had a heart-to-heart with those that chew the cud, its satisfying epithets ("the exemplary penguin," for instance), and the note of polite social preoccupation on which it charmingly ends:

Por eso, señores, me voy
a conversar con un caballo,
que me excuse la poetisa
y que el profesor me perdone,
tengo la semana ocupada,
tengo que oír a borbotones.

So, gentlemen, I will leave you;
I am off to have a chat with a horse
I must ask the poetess to excuse me,
and the professor to forgive me...
I shall be busy all week.
I have to do a lot of listening.

¿Cómo se llamaba aquel gato? Let me see now, what was that
cat's name?

Hence, too, the poet's frequent harking back—despite "Cantasantiago," which in his profession of love for the city that is his foster mother—to his own true origins, to the "regions of rock and wheat," to the woodlands of southern Chile whose lovely litany of trees he chants (Neruda has not lost his ear for the associative music of words) in "Carta para que me Manden Madera [Letter Sending for Timber]." Hence the desire to keep in closer touch with earth, to resume communion with the sea; in the very midst of laughter, his deep feeling for the latter breaks out in passages of moving beauty. So, in the long "Testamento de Otoño [Autumn Testament]," although he denounces hatred, he bequeaths to it, among other legacies, his horseshoes, his sailor's jersey, and his walking-boots, in order that the world may learn to understand and accept the quiet existence of "those who have wood and water." This poem contains the most sustained and explicit of the many tributes to Matilde Urrutia (although the book itself, with its vitality and compassion, its gaiety and tolerance, is a tribute to love). And it closes the whole paradoxical, contradictory record of the "perpetual motion of a man who was lucid and muddled, pluvius and cheerful, energetic and autumnal"—a man

of our time—with a moment of certainty. One thing, at least, will survive the grave.

Daré un salto en la transparencia
como un nadador del cielo,
y luego volveré a crecer
hasta ser tan pequeño un día
que el viento me llevará
y no sabré cómo me llame
y no seré cuando despierte:
entonces cantaré en silencio.

I shall dive into transparency
like a swimmer of the skies,
and then I shall grow again
till one day I have grown so small
that the wind will bear me away,
and I shall not know my name,
nor, when I wake, be:
then shall I sing in silence.



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Luis Oyarzún,
author of *Mediodía*



he chooses the conventional sonnet for so traditional a theme as the turtledove (on which, however, he plays an essentially Chilean variation); sometimes he experiments with freer rhythms. Similarly, his subject matter varies from exploration of the labyrinthine frustrations of love to evocation of particular places, while the two approaches are fused in "Highgate Cemetery" and, still more successfully, in "Río Valdivia." But within this diversity some of the most pleasing of the poems, as "Río Valdivia" exemplifies, are those that suggest a mood of noontime relaxation, or extol the beneficent power of the sun. Undoubtedly, Luis Oyarzún's forte is communicating the essential feeling of the open air. And although time and death are still lurking behind the exuberance of spring and summer, the emphasis here is on the triumphant yearly resurrection of maize and watermelons where only potsherds and arrows bear witness to the banquets and battles of buried generations.

An anthology that may be useful to those interested in the general development pattern of Chilean poetry is Antonio de Undurraga's *Atlas de la Poesía de Chile*. It falls into two sections. The first gives, in chronological order, selections from a series of Chilean poets beginning with Guillermo Blest Gana (1829-1905) and ending with Luis Merino Reyes (1912-). The second groups the younger poets under one or another of the "Recent Trends." Unfortunately the compiler (or his publisher) seems to have assumed that the reader will start at the beginning and read straight through, whereas, of all books, an anthology is the most likely to be picked up and opened at random, so that it is disconcerting to find that in many cases the only way of identifying the author of a poem thus chanced upon is to grope back several pages for the explanatory note on his work. A curious feature of these notes, apart from a certain lack of proportion (fifteen pages, for instance, are devoted to a possible confusion of manuscripts belonging to two poets who are by no means world-famous), is that the anthologist seldom speaks for himself but prefers to quote from a variety of other critics. This, however, is no cause for complaint, as it enriches the book with a number of literary curiosities, some of which are of real intrinsic interest. They include a note on modernism in poetry as a step towards emancipation from the survival of medievalism in Latin America; a penetrating description of the Latin American manifestations of the modernistic school; and a wise comment by Rubén Darío on the dangers of rushing into writing without the necessary preparation, which a good many young Chileans might

do well to take to heart.

The year 1958 has also witnessed the publication of a number of novels deserving of much fuller treatment than space will allow. Manuel Rojas followed up his famous *Hijo de Ladrón* (translated into English under the title *Born Guilty*) with *Mejor que el Vino* (Better than Wine). This is the fruit of five years' further work on the experience of Aniceto Hevia, this time in the difficult terrain of love; the more difficult in his case, not only on account of his struggle to establish himself in something like a secure economic position, but also because he has no real use for any but a complete and stable relationship, and holds out for what he wants. As so often happens with sequels, this prize-winning novel, successful as it has been, does not quite live up to the standard set by its predecessor. Such influences as those of Wilde and Kafka, Thomas Mann and William Faulkner, have operated, if subconsciously, a little more strongly than is perhaps good for a writer whose truest gift is for robust narrative and direct, vivid description of individuals and the environment that conditions them. Aniceto's inner discourse is so concerned with minutely accurate analysis of every shade of thought and feeling, with the revelation of life in its entirety, that, although a sort of "stream-of-consciousness" technique is used at times with brilliant effect, at others the goal turns out to have been hardly worth the struggle through a dense thicket of words. No chronological order is observed; the writer weaves back and forth, now catching up a thread from *Hijo de Ladrón* and working it into this fresh pattern, now drawing in the new raw material accumulated in the years since. And this in itself tends to reinforce the impression that the most powerful elements in the book are episodic. Some of its picaresque portraits are as lively and fascinating as any to be found in *Hijo de Ladrón*, and there are magnificent potential short stories, humorous or tender. Whatever its faults, *Mejor que el Vino* is not a book that any amateur of Chilean literature can afford to miss.

Regular readers of AMÉRICAS may remember my describing José Manuel Vergara's *Daniel y los Leones Dorados*, not long ago, as "one of the most interesting novels that have appeared in Chile for a long time." In that novel, the principal feeling that undermined Robert's relationship with Helen was "his growing despair of ever finding any truth or reality in her," and it is much the same problem that obsesses the precocious adolescent in Vergara's new novel, *Cuatro Estaciones* (in this instance, the word *estaciones* is used in a sense allied to the "Stations of the Cross"). The boy Lorenzo incarnates the tragedy of the abnormal boy subjected to a perfectly normal upbringing—the normal upbringing, that is, of the son of a Chilean gentleman-farmer in comfortable although not wealthy circumstances. "The Spring," "The Bog," "The River," and "The Sea" are the four stages in his singular calvary, recounted in a style more nearly impeccable than most, and, at the very least, agreeably direct and limpid. Alienated by what seems to him the hypocrisy of the older generation, he finds, after various attempts to deal with it without compromising his

fanatical code, that the only alternative left him is to steal. Thus it comes about that one of the most interesting features of this novel is the Browningsque revelation of how an act that to the outside world looks like the vilest form of ingratitude may seem to its perpetrator only the logical following-up of his own inner truth. The crisis itself precipitates its relief, and, after Lorenzo has passed through an emotional experience that to his heightened sensibilities seems like the pangs of death, the book ends with a suggestion of redemption and hope.

At the opposite extreme from Lorenzo, yet like him in the feeling that there is no real help to be had from the adults around him, is Ernesto in *El Muchacho* (The Adolescent), a first novel by Jaime Valdivieso. The techniques of the flashback and the "stream of consciousness"—rather immaturely handled, as is natural in so inexperienced a writer—once again appear, in combination with an all-too-faithful reproduction of the slovenly language affected by boys of Ernesto's age and social circle. Ernesto is a singularly unpleasant type of ill-brought-up youth, insolent and bullying to his social inferiors and dependents, given to subjecting his little nephews to minor forms of physical and emotional torture or putting obstacles in the way of a friend's blind brother for the fun of seeing him stumble over them and impotently grope after his tormentors. Clearly, we are meant to impute all this to his own sense of insecurity, which is further aggravated by the dual standards of an environment in which, on the one hand, he is taught that everything connected with sex is sinful, and, on the other, an exaggerated importance is attached to a superficial and distorted concept of virility. But it would take a good deal more skill than Jaime Valdivieso has yet acquired to enlist much sympathy for the fears and uncertainties, the agonies of self-consciousness and humiliation alternating with bursts of vanity, that afflict a youth so egocentric that his own bewildered lack of direction cannot teach him pity for the blind.

It is almost a relief, even at the cost of swallowing a little sentimentality and a bitter dose of class resentment, to turn to the young miner of Baltazar Castro's *Mi Camarada Padre* (Comrade Dad), with his hero-worship of his father, his loving admiration of his mother, his clear-cut aims and sturdy moral code. He is no prig, and he has his lapses from grace just as his father does, but instead of perpetually brooding over an inner chaos of his own, he spends his pity and indignation on the injustices to which he sees his father's friends and their families exposed, the tragic accidents that he believes could have been avoided had better precautions been taken, the unfairly heavy share in the burden of the economic crisis that falls upon the shoulders of the already underprivileged. Castro's earlier works—*Piedra y Nieve*, *Un Hombre por el Camino*, *Sewell*—were among the first to give the workers in Chile's copper mines a place in Latin American literature. In this new novel, he deals with the growth and early struggles of the miners' trade-union movement; but what stands out in the memory, against the background of the grim cordillera with its bare rock and menacing snows, is a group of vivid per-

sonalities that claim the reader's affection, or at least his liking and respect. Foremost among these, of course, is the "Camarada Padre" of the title. Wherever one's sympathies may lie as regards the more controversial aspects of the book, it is impossible not to find something both convincing and impressive in his blend of strength and fortitude with tenderness and deep intuitive wisdom, as well as in the final act of heroism that he carries off with a joke.

A companion picture—that of the life of a farm laborer in one of the remoter parts of Chile—is presented in Hernán Jaramillo's *Cuero Duro* (Tough Hide). When the mother of "El Mocho [Stumpy]" is a baby, Bernardo O'Higgins pauses to look at her in her cradle as he rides through Reina Luisa del Parral; when El Mocho himself is close on a hundred years old, news of the atom bomb on Hiroshima penetrates even to those isolated farmsteads. But in nearly 150 years the life of the agricultural worker, except for the new possibilities opened up by irrigation, changes very little. Pre-eminent among the characteristics that go to make up El Mocho's personality—a crude but hearty sense of fun, a touch of primitive poetry, more than a little sly common sense, something of superstition, a good deal of pride in his vast progeny—are the humility and resignation with which he pursues his unremitting labors, seconded by his long-suffering yoke of oxen and occasionally cheered by the broaching of a wineskin. The record of his toil and the closely packed description of the Chilean countryside are enlivened with much grossly Rabelaisian humor at a Laurel-and-Hardy level of slapstick comedy. Yet the novel has a serious purpose, the fulfillment of which is somewhat hampered by the lumbering circumlocution, ponderous metaphors, and recherché vocabulary through which the reader must penetrate before he can come at the heart of the matter. Which proves, after all, to be simple and sincere enough—a compassionate homage to the hard-working, ill-paid tiller of the soil and his solid contribution to the life, and the soul, of Chile.

ESTRAVAGARIO, by Pablo Neruda. Buenos Aires, Editorial Losada, S.A., 1958. 338 p. Illus.

CRÓNICA, by Ángel C. González. Santiago, Editorial del Pacífico, S.A., 1958. 66 p. Illus.

MEDIODÍA, by Luis Oyarzún. Santiago, Editorial Universitaria, S.A. (Colección Extremo Sur), 1958. 83 p.

ATLAS DE LA POESÍA DE CHILE, compiled by Antonio de Undurraga. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1958. 497 p.

MEJOR QUE EL VINO, by Manuel Rojas. Santiago, Editorial Zig-Zag, 1958. 265 p.

CUATRO ESTACIONES, by José Manuel Vergara. Santiago, Editorial del Nuevo Extremo, 1958. 181 p.

EL MUCHACHO, by Jaime Valdivieso. Santiago, Ediciones 13, 1958. 124 p.

MI CAMARADA PADRE, by Baltazar Castro. Santiago, Editorial Zig-Zag, 1958. 270 p.

CUERO DURO, by Hernán Jaramillo. Santiago, Editorial Nascimento, 1958. 335 p.

Dorothy Hayes de Huneeus is AMÉRICAS' literary correspondent in Chile. The illustrations are by her husband, the well-known caricaturist Francisco Huneeus.

KNOW YOUR COSTA RICAN NEIGHBORS?

Answers on page 37



1 Póas Volcano is one of the country's main tourist attractions. Is it noted because it is the Hemisphere's highest volcano, because it is the newest, or because its crater is one of the largest in the world?



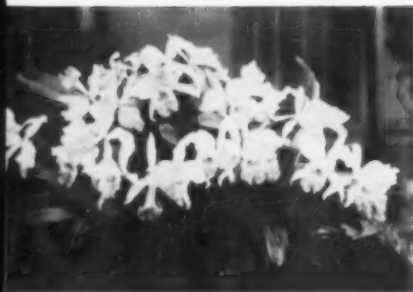
2 Although Costa Rica was the first Central American nation to produce coffee, bananas, which first were cultivated to furnish pay loads to a railway, quickly became a mainstay of the country's economy. Would you say it is the first, second, or third export commodity?



3 With an area of twenty-three thousand square miles, Costa Rica is next to the smallest of the Central American republics. Would you say that it is larger than, smaller than, or about the size of Belgium?



4 The late Joaquín García Monge was the founder, editor, and publisher of one of the leading exponents of Spanish American culture. Was it *Zig-Zag*, *Repertorio Americano*, or the *Pan American Review*?



5 The *guaria morada* is Costa Rica's national flower. Would you call it a gladiolus, an orchid, or a magnolia?



6 Puntarenas, on the Gulf of Nicoya, is near the site of the first Spanish settlement in Costa Rica. Was this village called Esparta, Bruselas, or Puerto Limón?



7 The Inter-American Institute of Agricultural Sciences, an OAS agency, is dedicated to the advancement of farming and rural life. Is it located in Heredia, Liberia, or Turrialba?



8 San José has been the capital of Costa Rica since 1823. The country's first capital was named _____, after an ancient African city. Fill in the blank.



9 Costa Rica's national shrine is the Basilica of Our Lady of the Angels, in Cartago. According to legend, the stone figure of _____, one of the famous black Virgins of America, was given here to a Negro slave girl by the Virgin Mary. Fill in the blank.



10 Juan Rafael Mora, the country's national hero, is remembered as the man who defeated a renowned filibuster. Was he Sir Francis Drake, Blewfeldt, or William Walker?



PRESCOTT'S CENTENNIAL

Dear Sirs:

The hundredth anniversary of the death of William Hickling Prescott, the famous United States historian and author of *The Conquest of Peru*, *The Conquest of Mexico*, and other noted works, was observed on January 28, 1959, here in Boston, where he lived and did much of his work. The celebration was co-sponsored by the Peruvian Government and the Pan American Society of New England.

A bronze portrait-tablet to Prescott's memory, designed and executed by the Boston sculptor Joseph Coletti, was placed on the outer wall of 55 Beacon Street, the historian's home, where he died on January 28, 1859. The house has been preserved and restored by the Massachusetts Society of Colonial Dames. Funds for the plaque were raised by voluntary contributions.

A second plaque, presented by Supreme Decree of the Government of Peru, was unveiled on the same date in the entrance hall of the building by Peruvian Ambassador Fernando Berckemeyer.

A further ramification of this recognition of the New England historian and his work in connection with Mexico, Peru, and Spain will be the fact that his life and writings will be the subject of the "1959 Spoken Spanish Contest," sponsored jointly by the American Association of Teachers of Spanish and Portuguese and the Pan American Society of New England. The finals will be held this May at Harvard University, from which Prescott graduated in 1814.

Oldfield B. B. Rapalyea
Boston, Massachusetts

MORE SEMANTICS

Dear Sirs:

I have read with great interest the letter of Francisco F. Walter of Buenos Aires in the October issue. Although your correspondent's complaint is justified, there are a few extenuating considerations. Of greater importance is the fact that the name of our country was adopted years before the birth of the Latin American republics.

It is worth noting that our republic was originally called North America. This is proven by the legend that still appears on the face of all the bank notes issued by the United States. The Latin abbreviation *Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigel* is translated "Seal of the Treasury of North America," and this seal is older than our Constitution.

Very few people here know that there are three countries named United States besides ours: Brazil, Venezuela, and Mexico. Colombia does not call itself United States any longer. The citizens of those countries are

called Brazilians, Venezuelans, and Mexicans. By following that rule we are entitled to be called Americans. And it is equally logical that the citizens of those three countries could, if they wish, be called *estadounidenses* (United States citizens).

Our foreign friends should not feel that this is a matter of intentional discourtesy. As I have said, few North Americans know of the other United States. And the others hardly ever use the abbreviation EE. UU. (United States), which has long since disappeared even from their postage stamps. . . . I appreciate Mr. Walter's interesting letter, but I am sure that we will continue to be known as Americans.

Francis H. Knauff
Island Heights, New Jersey

YES, WE HAD NO BANANAS

Dear Sirs:

While browsing through some back issues of *AMÉRICAS*, I came across the article "Help Wanted: The Book Trade in the Americas" (July 1957). Referring to the pre-Columbian Mayas, Marietta Daniels wrote that they needed no books to weave cloth for a garment, to prepare a meal of plantains, and so on. I would like to point out that the pre-Columbian Mayas did not eat plantains for the simple reason that there were none in the Americas before the arrival of the Europeans.

George C. Engerrad
Department of Anthropology
University of Texas
Austin, Texas

Mr. Engerrad is quite right. The banana was brought from the Canary Islands to the Western Hemisphere by Friar Tomás de Berlanga, a Catholic priest from Spain. Other missionaries followed his example, planting bananas and plantains and thus assuring a steady food supply. The United Fruit Company has honored Friar Berlanga by naming one of its ships after him.

INTERNATIONAL GARDEN

Dear Sirs:

Your readers may be interested to know that the city of La Plata, Argentina, has begun to restore the "Garden of Peace" that was inaugurated in 1936 on the grounds of the National Theater.

Efforts are being made to obtain representative plants from different countries. Peru has already sent specimens of the *cantú*, its national flower. The restoration will include the garden's sculptures, among which are a statue of Xochipillo, the Aztec flower god, and a small copy of the Egyptian Pyramid of Giza. To enlarge the collection, other countries have been invited to contribute national motifs. . . . France will be represented by the Eiffel Tower; Holland by its windmills; Spain by Don Quixote; the United States by the Statue of Liberty; and China by its Temple of Heaven.

As a gesture of friendship, a towering "Mast of Human Brotherhood" will be erected so that the flags of all countries can be flown on their national holidays.

Alberto V. Oitaven
La Plata, Argentina

ARMCHAIR TRAVELERS

Dear Sirs:

. . . Congratulations to Adolfo Solórzano Díaz for his piece about Managua, Nicaragua, in the December issue. . . . It was so well written and interesting that I felt as if I had visited the city. I am preparing a talk on Managua and I shall attribute its success to *AMÉRICAS* and Mr. Solórzano Díaz. I also enjoyed the interview with Mrs. Angela Acuña de Chacón, the Costa Rican Ambassador, in the November issue. She is an inspiration to women all over the world.

Joan Mary Boogdanian
North Bergen, New Jersey

Dear Sirs:

. . . I have been an assiduous reader of your magazine for the past five years and look forward to the arrival of each new issue. By way of *AMÉRICAS* I have traveled to many charming lands, sharing in many excursions and adventures. . . . Through the "Mail Bag" section I have met friends I am proud to have.

In the May 1957 issue you published an extremely well written article about my native province ["Tucumán, Garden of the Argentine"] by Josefina Valderrama de Robinson, who used to be my language teacher. . . .

Maria Magdalena Manay
Tafi Viejo, Tucumán
Argentina

Dear Sirs:

Would it be possible to have a section telling of major coming events in the Hemisphere? Many people are planning trips at all times of the year and they would find the information most valuable.

Billy V. Ayers
Sarasota, Florida

We appreciate your suggestion and hope to be able to comply with your request in the future. We published a monthly Holiday and Festival Calendar for Latin America between March 1949 and February 1950 and a condensed version in January 1955.

ECHOES

Dear Sirs:

As a national representative to the Commission on Geography of the Pan American Institute of Geography and History (an OAS specialized agency) and a long-time reader, allow me to offer my congratulations for the job *AMÉRICAS* is doing. Its wise orientation nurtures among its readers an authentic knowledge of other countries. . . .

Elena M. Chiozza
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Dear Sirs:

The story "Letters from Mamma," by Julio Cortázar, in the January issue is—Well, I can't recall ever having read a better one in your magazine.

Paul J. Cooke
Monticello College
Alton, Illinois

Dear Sirs:

I read with deep interest the articles about life in Bolivia in the July 1958 issue ["ABC's On the Air" and "The Haughty Beast"]. . . . I would like to know the addresses of some institutions that could provide information

about the history, customs, and legends of the American nations.

Jorge Barriga O.
Potosí, Bolivia

Most countries have national institutes of geography and history, situated in the capitals. In writing to them, the exact name is not necessary, nor is the street address. Also, the PAU issues a number of pamphlets about the American republics with the information you seek. A catalogue is available free on request from the Sales and Promotion Division.

Dear Sirs:

... As director of the School of Ceramics of the University of Cauca, I have found the material in AMÉRICAS very valuable and helpful in my profession. ...

Jaime López C.
Popayán, Colombia

Dear Sirs:

... AMÉRICAS is extremely important from an educational point of view. Its articles on the geography, history, architecture, and economy of the OAS member nations are unique. And it is reasonably priced, too. ...

María Arnobia Rentería Góez
Cartago (Valle), Colombia

Dear Sirs:

... I find AMÉRICAS so interesting that I cannot understand why so many ... people waste their time listening to radio soap operas. ...

J. Antonio Torres C.
San Pedro Sula, Honduras

PAN AMERICAN JUNIORS

Dear Sirs:

I wish to inform you about a local organization which in little over one year has achieved a large measure of recognition for its efforts to further the cause of inter-American relations. ... The group is called the Pan American Juniors, a subsidiary of the Pan American League of San Diego, California. ... The aims of the organization are to promote friendship and understanding among the peoples of the Americas through social and cultural activities, and to raise funds for the Mary Nicholls Memorial Scholarship Fund of the League. These scholarships are awarded to students from the United States in Latin America, and to visa students from the nations to the south who have come to the United States and will be returning to their homelands after completing their studies in this country.

Myra B. Cochran
The Pan American League of
San Diego, Inc.
4784 Soria Drive
San Diego, California

GIRL SCOUTS

Dear Sirs:

Our Girl Scout troop of seventh-graders (ages twelve and thirteen) has started gleefully on a study of the Western Hemisphere, using the Youth Issue of AMÉRICAS [November 1957] and a January 1956 issue that I had on hand. ... We plan to go into Latin American cooking, songs, dances; to have a party on Pan American Day; and even to

make a trip to the Western Hemisphere Girl Scout Center, Our Cabana, in Cuernavaca, Mexico, when these girls are seniors in high school.

Mrs. Thomas L. Robertson, Jr.
Anderson, Indiana

SPANISH LESSONS?

Dear Sirs:

... A letter from a Florida reader suggested the publication of a Spanish lesson in each issue of AMÉRICAS. I ... would also be in favor of such a feature.

Benjamin E. Burr
Flint, Michigan

We hope to publish such a section some day, if there is enough reader demand.

INDIAN DRAMA

Dear Sirs:

In the hope of contributing to a better understanding of the Ecuadorian Indians, I am looking for a publisher for a translation into English I have just completed of *Cumanda*, by Juan León Mera. This drama, which takes place among the Jivaro and Zaparo Indians of the Oriente, was first published in 1871. Mera was an author of great power and literary skill, and since *Cumanda*—according to the Library of Congress—has

never previously been translated into English, I am eager to bring it to the attention of people in the United States.

John E. White
Power Plant
Whittier, Alaska

SWAP SHOPPING

Dear Sirs:

I am interested in exchanging stamps and magazines, particularly publications dealing with fashion and beauty culture. Do any of your readers know of a U.S. correspondence school that teaches hair-styling, make-up, and the like in Spanish?

Margarita Lara C.
Ureca Cox 952
(Madema)
Santiago, Chile

Dear Sirs:

I would like to correspond and exchange stamps with collectors in the Dominican Republic, Mexico, Haiti, Costa Rica, and all islands in the Caribbean. I have all of the United Nations stamps and many of the older U.S. issues. I am also very interested in first-day covers.

Fernmore Bookman
Box 2
West Englewood, New Jersey

MAIL BAG

The following correspondents seek pen pals throughout the Hemisphere. Readers requesting this service must apply individually, print their names and addresses, and be able to write in at least two of the OAS languages (English, Spanish, Portuguese, and French), shown below by initials; students should say whether they are of high-school (H) or college (C) level. Stamp collectors are indicated by an asterisk.

Flor del Carmen Portuquez C.
(E.S.)*—H
Barrio El Molino
Cartago, Costa Rica

Rosa Ofelia de Tosco
(S.P. Italian)*
Rioja No. 19
Barrio El Libertador
Rio Tercero, Pcia. de Córdoba
Argentina

María Velasco (E.S. Italian)—H
Barrio Modelo No. 9-34
Popayán, Colombia

Nora Dayán (E.S. Italian)—H
Apartado Aéreo 579
Popayán, Colombia

Julia González (E.S. Italian)—H
Urbanización Caldas, casa No. 27
Popayán, Colombia

Ciría E. Astorzo (E.S. Italian)—H
Calle 5a. No. 2-95
Popayán, Colombia

Roque D. Ciancio (E.S. Italian)
General Roca, Pcia. de Córdoba
Argentina

Iginio de Lorenzi (S.F. Italian)
Via A. Pegoraro No. 6
Gallarate (Varese), Italy

Melinka Westhoff S. (E.S.F)—H
Martínez de Rosas 2846
Santiago, Chile

Norma Martínez Pascutti
(S.F. Italian)—H
Tucumán 425
Marcos Juárez, Pcia. de Córdoba
Argentina

Susana Lencinas Mira (E.S.)
Avenida San Martín 2495 Bis
Montevideo, Uruguay

Teresa Prieto (E.S.P.F.)
Juan de Dios Cornejo 602
San Carlos, Maldonado, Uruguay

Janet Grasu (S.F.)*—C
Camino Durán 6166 (Colón)
Montevideo, Uruguay

Celine Teppier (E.S.P. Italian)—H
Avenida Getúlio Vargas, 366
Campina Grande, PB, Brazil

Haydée C. Tambutti (E.S.)
Paysandú 1613
Buenos Aires, Argentina

Efraín Negrón Alonso (E.S.P.)
Casilla No. 121
Sicuani, Cuzco, Peru

Bessie Olivier (E.S.)*
General Paz 533
Rio Cuarto, F.C.N.B.M.
Pcia. de Córdoba, Argentina

Fernando García, Jr. (E.S.)—H
Cuartel (Esquerre) 129
Cienfuegos, Las Villas, Cuba

Luis Enrique Laporte (E.S.)
Urquiza 2031
Rosario de Santa Fe, Argentina

Gettrudis Aguilar (E.S. Polish,
Russian, Arabic, Turkish)*
314 West Grand Boulevard
Detroit 16, Michigan

Fanny Olivares Cruz (E.S.F)—H
Avenida Matucana 759
Santiago, Chile

Mauricio Gonzaga Prata (E.S.P.)*
Rua Dr. Romualdo, 375
Juiz de Fora, MG, Brazil

María Elena Donoso G. (E.S.F.)
El Coigüe 3824
Vitacura, Santiago, Chile

Ana Lucila Tobar M.
(E.S. Italian)—H
Calle 5a. No. 1-38
Popayán, Colombia

María Pilar Manrique
(E.S.F.)*—H
Victoriano Álvarez 6248 (Colón)
Montevideo, Uruguay

Sonia Grasu (S.F.)*—H
Camino Durán 6166 (Colón)
Montevideo, Uruguay

The Organization of American States unites the twenty-one republics of the Western Hemisphere for the common purpose of maintaining peace, freedom, security, and welfare of all Americans. The member states are: Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, the Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, the United States, Uruguay, and Venezuela.

The OAS had its inception in 1890 during the First International Conference of American States, which met in Washington. Today, it operates through a large number of different agencies and institutions throughout the Hemisphere, all contributing to the common objective of preserving the peace and security of the member states and promoting, by cooperative action, their economic, social, and cultural development.

The Pan American Union, central permanent organ and General Secretariat of the OAS, has its headquarters in Washington, D.C. Called "The House of the Americas," its main building of white marble, with its tropical patio and Aztec Garden, is visited each year by thousands of Americans from all parts of the Western Hemisphere. Pan American Day is celebrated annually throughout the Americas on April 14th.





Leaders and organizers of Pan American Day and Week programs may secure copies of the poster, the new Handbook, and **OUR AMERICA — NUESTRA AMÉRICA** (for elementary classroom work and youth groups) by writing to: Department of Public Information, Pan American Union, Washington 6, D. C.

PAN AMERICAN UNION
Washington 6, D. C., U. S. A.



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